

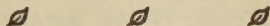
THE LONDON MERCURY

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EDITORIAL NOTES

ON April 18th the House of Lords did itself great credit. The Croydon Corporation Bill came before it. The late Lord Plymouth had put down a motion that the Committee be instructed to strike out of the Bill those provisions relating to the destruction of the Whitgift Hospital. Lord Crawford now moved this motion and it was carried unanimously after a very varied and lively debate.



THE Croydon Councillors must have felt bewildered when they read the reports in their morning papers. They had not a friend; and peer after peer, including some of the most eminent men in the House talked of them as though they were a set of degraded creatures beyond the pale of civilisation. One or two speakers mildly suggested that the House might as well wait until the Third Reading, but not a soul spoke a word in favour of the Croydon Corporation. Lord Crawford said that two successive Ministers of Transport, Sir Eric Geddes and himself, had stated officially that there was no case for the demolition of the Whitgift Hospital:

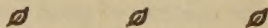
Immediately facing the hospital was a public-house, and he was amazed that the alternative scheme of removing this monster was not seriously mentioned in the promoters' statement. In the opinion of good judges in Croydon it was preferable on traffic grounds to remove the public-house rather than destroy the Whitgift Hospital. The public-house which stood on the west side, was of a sickly gamboge hue, with vulgar, gaping doorways—a combination of meanness and ostentation.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is trustee, made a most interesting speech in which he suggested that access to the Sandwich golf links would be easier if the old streets there were destroyed, and recalled that the one surviving gateway of Canterbury was saved only by a Mayor's casting vote from being pulled down to facilitate the entrance of a menagerie procession into the town. He commented forcibly on Croydon's notion of celebrating Shakespeare's tercentenary. Lord Buckmaster remarked that a little inconvenience to passing pleasure traffic was

nothing serious and Lord Meath rightly stated that though the Whitgift Hospital attracted sightseers "no one went to see Croydon for its own sake." Lord Milner had come down in a crippled state "to take his part in giving a quietus to what he thought was a shocking and indefensible piece of vandalism"; Lord Russell, as a motorist, said he would rather be delayed half an hour at the crossing than that the building should be destroyed; and Lord Curzon said that for forty years the Croydon Corporation had been "destitute of any sense of beauty, were evidently imbued with the lowest utilitarian spirit" and had been trying to destroy "the one solitary fragment of beauty" which Croydon possessed. The instruction was unanimously agreed to.



WE believe that public opinion and the opinion of Parliament are now sufficiently developed to make it unlikely that any detestable piece of vandalism like this which requires Parliamentary sanction will be permitted. There are still, however, in the absence of any official schedule of buildings worthy of preservation, a vast majority of cases in which neither public bodies nor trust deeds are involved. The most urgent before the public at present is that of Kensington Square, to which we shall shortly return. That astonishing body, the Croydon Council, whilst proposing to smash the Whitgift Hospital to atoms, was recently discussing plans for a Croydon Pageant. No doubt Archbishop Whitgift would have been the leading figure in the Pageant; very likely, had the Hospital been destroyed, it would have been represented in its absence by a wooden model. It would be a pity were Kensington Square and Maids of Honour Row, when the time comes for a Kensington Pageant, to be known by nothing more than engravings in a book of the words. London, before the Great Fire, was one of the loveliest cities in the world; a few more years of subservience to the greed of soulless companies and it may become the ugliest. Once start reckoning everything in terms of money and you are done: the site of St. Paul's is very valuable indeed.

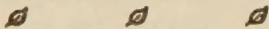


THE Press has done good service lately with regard to ancient buildings: it may now well turn its attention to the proposal to build a Giant Tower at the Wembley Park Exhibition of 1924. The Exhibition is supposed to be a British Empire Industries Exhibition. If the building of ugly Giant Towers, of no use except to people who want to look at the bottom from the top and give little screams going up, be one of the Industries of the British Empire, it is not one which anybody should wish to encourage. The rest of the Exhibition is being very well designed; this monstrosity will kill everything. We cannot believe, as it was at one time stated, that Cape Grisnez will be visible from the top. It is not a matter

of distance ; the moon will no doubt be visible, and that is much farther than Grisnez ; but the curve of the earth happens to exist. However, several counties will no doubt be visible, and by the same token the tower will be visible from several counties. At the time of writing the inhabitants of Wembley are the only people who have become seriously alarmed, but the silent presence of this monument of pointless waste will be felt in gardens far beyond the boundaries of Wembley. Whether or not the tower will "pay for itself" is purely a matter for speculation ; in any event it should rank as a nuisance.



UNIVERSAL applause greeted the defeat of the proposal—it was believed that a little more money could be taken at the mere cost of greatly reducing the number of visitors—to institute paying days at the British Museum. This success should not blind us to the fact that there are still four paying days a week at the National Gallery. Two of them were established in 1921 as "a temporary measure." We are now entering the third year of this temporary measure. The revenue derived from entrance fees is, from the national point of view, ridiculous ; and it is a poll-tax levied equally on rich and poor visitors to the Gallery. If the Gallery be considered as a commercial enterprise at all, the obviously sensible thing to do is to screw the admission fees up and up until the returns diminish. For all that any of us know to the contrary, a flat admission fee of half-a-crown per head every day would produce the maximum possible revenue for the National Gallery, although the annual number of visitors might thereby be reduced to a few tens of thousands. The others, presumably (as no doubt happens with some now), would go to the British Museum or the Victoria and Albert instead ; but we cannot see why the State should put a premium on archæology and ornithology in this way. The two new paying days should be wiped out. This will leave the two "students' days" on which sixpence per head admission is charged. The justification for these is that copyists and other close students of painting can work better on days when there is some restriction on the number of visitors. The argument that "sixpence makes no difference" can only be advanced by those whose sixpences are never counted, and is demonstrated to be false by the existing statistics which show a heavy decrease in visitors—directly due to the extension of the charge for admission. If the Commons are too busy, let the House of Lords justify its existence further by raising the matter.



A CORRESPONDENT in Palestine, writing with regard to Mr. John Bailey's recent article on "Hoardings and Amenities," tells us that there is at least one country where the abuses of advertising are put down

with a heavy hand. Soon after Sir Herbert Samuel arrived in Palestine, he promulgated an Ordinance of which we have a copy before us. It opens promisingly with :

Save as hereinafter provided, no advertisement shall be exhibited upon any hoarding or similar structure, or on any wall, tree, fence, gate, or elsewhere in Palestine.

Subsequent clauses give local authorities the power of authorising hoardings in specified places, and permit persons to exhibit advertisements on their own business premises. "If any person after conviction fails to remove any structure erected or any advertisement exhibited in contravention of this Ordinance, the Police shall be entitled to remove it at his expense." With the exception of boards in places authorised by municipalities, on trader's own premises and a few in railway stations, there are now no advertisements to be seen on the urban or rural landscapes of Palestine. No large vested interest had grown up when the Ordinance was enacted, the walls of Jerusalem and other towns being decorated only with a few cinema advertisements. But we are certain that, had it not been for Sir Herbert's prompt action, in a very few years Nazareth and the Mount of Olives, the Sea of Galilee and the environs of the Holy Sepulchre would have been well plastered with recommendations of soap, sardines, cigarettes and remedies for the popular local ailments. If one firm starts making field and street hideous, its rivals, however reluctantly, must follow suit. If all are prevented, all start equal in authorized places and printed sheets. Nobody suffers and the community gains.



THE R.I.B.A. recently decided to give a medal to the architect who had designed "the best street frontage completed during the year 1922 within a radius of four miles from Charing Cross." The award has been announced. The medal has been given to Wolseley House, Piccadilly, by Mr. W. Curtis Green. It is certainly one of the best of recent commercial buildings, admirably suited to its purpose—the display and sale of motor-cars—and dignified without and within.



WE have managed recently to "buy in" a few copies of our first and seventh numbers, which have long been out of stock. The first can be supplied at 10s. 6d., the seventh at 7s. 6d. We are able to supply all other numbers: those over three months old at 5s. apiece, the others at published price. We may remind readers that our seventh volume was completed with the April number. Binding cases (with index) are ready and may be obtained from our office at 4s. each; the inclusive charge for binding readers' numbers which are sent in to us is 7s. 6d., return postage paid. These prices are a reduction on those previously charged.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

OVER one hundred volumes are already in view for a new historical series which Messrs. Kegan Paul have in preparation, covering every aspect of social evolution under a general reference title, "The History of Civilisation." The field has been carefully mapped out, both as regards subjects and periods; and though the first instalments will be published as they are ready, the necessary degree of chronological sequence will be secured by the fact that the admirable French series entitled *L'Evolution de l'Humanité* will be translated as it appears, and used as a nucleus. Three volumes in this collection, issued under the auspices of the director of the *Revue de Synthèse Historique*, in accordance with a strictly chronological scheme—*The Earth Before History*, by Professor E. Perrier; *Prehistoric Man*, by M. Jacques de Morgan; and *Language*, by Professor Vendryes—were noticed in *The Times Literary Supplement* when they originally appeared. They will be published in English in the autumn. The editorship of the library is in the hands of Mr. C. K. Ogden, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, who has already successfully launched a parallel undertaking, *The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method*, in which two volumes by the late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers have lately appeared. A third volume by Dr. Rivers will be the first publication in this new series, being his long-expected *Principles of Social Organisation*.



A NEW publishing house, the Nonesuch Press, is about to issue its first books, from 30, Gerrard Street, W., where Messrs. Birrell and Garnett's new bookshop is also housed. The aim of the Nonesuch Press is to achieve typographical excellence in books that people use for reading. Its first five ventures, all limited editions, but at normal prices, will be: *The Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell*; *The Love Poems of John Donne*; *The Book of Ruth* (from the Bible); *The Poems of Andrew Marvell*; and the *Complete Works of William Congreve*. Only fragments of these Letters of Meredith have been previously published.



THE FLEURON, a journal of typography, the first number of which is announced for immediate publication, should receive a welcome from all those of our readers who are in sympathy with our own endeavours to encourage good printing. The new venture is edited by Mr. Oliver Simon and produced by him at the Curwen Press. The prospectus announces that *The Fleuron* will endeavour "by upholding right and consistent principles (of book-production) . . . to assist artists, printers, publishers, collectors, and all who take any part in the making or distribution of books"; and it will include within its scope "the study of decoration, colour, type-forms, illustrations, text-papers, end-papers, typography, binding, and all the minutiae of book-production." Its promoters intend *The Fleuron* itself to be an example of fine printing: "It is not merely as good as the price will permit, but as beautiful as a book can be; or, if that be too high a claim, as good as its artists and workers can make it." Printed on machine-made paper, it will cost a guinea a copy.

THE death of the Earl of Plymouth took place late in March. Lord Plymouth, was born in 1857, and educated at Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge. He was best known to the larger public as the man who saved—he was more interested in the grounds than in the glass—the Crystal Palace, and politicians knew him as an excellent First Commissioner of Works in Mr. Balfour's Government. His chief interests (he wrote a monograph on Constable) were, however, artistic; and his principal energies devoted to the work of a hundred and one societies with æsthetic and antiquarian objects, which former term must be held to cover everything dealing with public amenities. Lord Plymouth was an Honorary Fellow of the R.I.B.A., and two days before his death attended a meeting in favour of the preservation of the City Churches. He was a modest public-spirited man, whose death means a great loss to many movements not too amply friendied by persons of his wealth and influence.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK died on April 2nd, at Wincanton, Somerset, aged 74. He sprang from an old Devonshire family, settled near Torquay; won the Newdigate at Oxford with a poem on *The Isthmus of Suez*; and sprang into fame, at twenty-eight, with *The New Republic*. Some of the figures lampooned in that brilliant satire, such as Jowett and W. K. Clifford, are less well comprehended by our generation than by their contemporaries; but even to day the book can be read with intense amusement by anyone moderately familiar with the personalities and controversies of the Victorian era. Mallock's later books divide generally into three classes: works of religious controversy, mainly aimed against Liberal theology, political works, of which the most acute and amusing was an attack on Socialism, and novels. His early poetic proclivities withered with time; he was rather a wit and a sound observer than a poet, his antipathies always being more conspicuous than his affections. An admirable notice of him was published in *The Times* on April 5th, but the biographer oddly omitted all reference to what was perhaps the most charming of all Mallock's books. This was *In a Forgotten Island*, a volume about Cyprus, which should be read by anyone who can enjoy *Eothen*. Mallock was a bachelor, something of a gourmet, and at one time a great frequenter of country house parties.

MR. BASIL DEAN announces an interesting experiment. Reandean have decided to start an afternoon theatre at the St. Martin's, to which they have given the name of The Playbox in order to distinguish it from the other side of the theatre's work. Performances will be given every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoon from September to May. They will produce plays in series of three or four, each series including at least one foreign play of outstanding importance. Included in each series will be at least one special Sunday evening performance, admission to which will be free and to subscribers only. Among the plays forming the opening series are *Melloney Holtspur*, by John Masefield; *Les Noces d'Argent*, by Paul Gerald; and *Phoenix*, by Lascelles Abercrombie; while among later productions will be plays by J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, A. A. Milne, St. John Ervine, Clemence Dane and others. Among foreign plays for early production may be mentioned *L'Annonce Faite à Marie*, a mediæval mystery play by Paul Claudel; and *Die Sprache der Vögel* (*The Language of the Birds*), by Adolf Paul, a comedy, with music by Sibelius. All that subscribers have to do is to call at or write to the Box Office at the St. Martin's Theatre, and purchase a book of coupons for that part of the theatre where they wish to sit. These coupons can be used for any Playbox performances in the series marked on each coupon.

POETRY

The Rainbow

RAINBOWS are lovely things :
 The bird, that shakes a cold, wet wing,
 Chatters with ecstasy,
 But has no breath to sing :
 No wonder, when the air
 Has a double-rainbow there !

Look, there's a rainbow now !
 See how that lovely rainbow throws
 Her jewelled arm around
 This world, when the rain goes !
 And how I wish the rain
 Would come again, and again !

W. H. DAVIES

Awake at Night

THE town rolls nearer to the dawn :
 Here in one little room a brain,
 Listening to a heart, can see
 Orion through the window-pane.

Far are the voices now, and far
 The faces of my friends at noon—
 The shoreless night, the flaming star,
 The dead rock-wrinkles on the moon !

A million worlds where life shall come,
 A million worlds where life has been,
 A million slowly crumbling walls
 With changing, dreaming flesh between !

Oh, the sweet jest, secure and warm,
 The sweet small twinkle in the eye—
 Darling, my darling, keep from harm !—
 If you should die ! If you should die !

OWEN BARFIELD

THREE POEMS

Moonlight

WHAT time the meanest brick and stone
 Take on a beauty not their own,
 And past the flaw of builded wood
 Shines the intention whole and good,
 And all the little homes of man
 Rise to a dimmer, nobler span ;
 When colour's absence gives escape
 To the deeper spirit of the shape,

—Then earth's great architecture swells
 Among her mountains and her fells
 Under the moon to amplitude
 Massive and primitive and rude :

—Then do the clouds like silver flags
 Stream out above the tattered crags,
 And black and silver all the coast
 Marshals its hunched and rocky host,
 And headlands striding sombrely
 Buttress the land against the sea,
 —The darkened land, the brightening wave—
 And moonlight slants through Merlin's cave.

Song

IF I had only loved your flesh
 And careless damned your soul to Hell,
 I might have laughed and loved afresh,
 And loved as lightly and as well,
 And little more to tell.

But since to clasp your soul I strove,
 (That mountebank, that fugitive,)
 And poured the river of my love
 Through meshes that, like Danæ's sieve
 Drained all I had to give,

Now nightly by the tamarisks
 I pace, and watch the risen moon
 Litter the sea with silver disks ;
 And pray of night one only boon :
 Let my release be soon.

Song

LITTLE I asked—but that little denied me ;
 Only the moon in the pools of the moor ;
 Only the netted Pleiads to guide me,
 Coins of the poor.

Little I asked—but the rasp on the shingle ;
 Bee-bruised meridian on heather and thyme ;
 And the inward flute of a heart that was single,
 For music and rhyme.

Little I asked—and too much was I given :
 Shelter ; and shelves full of other men's verse ;
 A heart cherished captive, oh heart that had striven,
 And gold for my purse.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

Overheard at a Literary Party

"TWENTY per cent . . . twenty per cent . . ."
 "That's what he *said*—I don't know what he meant . . ."
 "Serial rights . . . serial rights . . ."
 "The man isn't bad, but his friends are such frights . . ."
 "Three guineas a thousand isn't enough . . ."
 "He's not quite a fool but he writes dreadful stuff . . ."
 "I haven't an agent . . ." "He told me he would
 Declare in the *Times* that my sonnets were good . . ."
 "Did you hear . . . ?" "Have I told you . . . ?" "Has anyone said . . . ?"
 "She once had a vogue, but now it's quite dead . . ."
 "The case will come on in the autumn, they say . . ."
 "I'm trying to write in a different way . . ."
 "The place is the States ! I'm going in May ! . . ."
 "One likes her, of course, but, of course, she can't write . . ."
 "His reviews don't mean much, but they always are bright . . ."
 "Twenty per cent . . . twenty per cent . . ."
 I asked them for that but the letter they sent
 Refused to go further than twelve and a half . . .
 It isn't a joke, and I beg you won't laugh . . .
 That's what they *said*—I don't know what they meant . . . "

X. X. X.

Advice

WHY do you not steer straight, my love, she cried :
 The wind makes steady your way, favours the tide :
 The boat obeys the helm, were you now to steer
 Courageous, our troubles and doubts would vanish here.

And cassia and pearls would pack your hold,
 And your returning act crown manifold
 Our upward course, and not a thing to desire . . .
 The rudder swang in the tide, and we beached in the mire.

IVOR GURNEY

The Harvesters

A SILVER haze had draped the weald all day,
The sun at noon was but a brighter patch
In slow, scarce moving skies of silver grey ;
The air was bell-jar still and one could catch
Clear from the farm, a whole wide field away,
The tumult of the sparrows round the thatch
Of the first stacks ; but now their tiny din
Was silenced as the autumn day closed in.
The last piled load went jolting from the field ;
Jackets and tools the men had gathered up :
To sort his basket one old fellow kneeled ;
One drained a tilted flacket in a cup ;
Then in a group they moved ; their voices came
Thinly across the field ; their forms grew dim ;
Bright in the dusk a tiny spurt of flame
Showed one had lit a pipe to comfort him.
Stiffly they went, but cheerful in their mood
For it was Saturday in harvest time
When pay is good ; and rest and savoury food
Would soon restore their spirits to their prime.
Each brisk young lad, ploughboy or waggoner,
Will spruce himself and cycle to the town
Where in bright streets he'll saunter up and down,
Each with his lass, or maybe sit with her,
Smoking his woodbines or his cheap cigar,
Upon the plush seats of a cinema.
The stiff old chaps will rest a bit when they
Have been up to the farm and drawn their pay ;
Then in the taproom of the village inn
They'll talk of harvests past, and harvests yet to win :
But by midnight they'll all be sound asleep
While this bared field a vigil wide will keep,
More silent than it was this afternoon,
Beneath Orion and the harvest moon.

Go, harvesters, you mortal players, go ;
Your part is done in the old tragedy ;
In the recurring seasons' ebb and flow
You've voiced the changing year's antistrophe,

Here on this field where the green flames of spring
Have sunk to that rich ash you're harvesting.
The limbs you've wearied on this stage to-day
A few brief years shall wither quite away ;
But others the old theme will still act on
When you, who wore the masks this day, are gone,
As you yourselves are but the present heirs
Of all Time's immemorial harvesters.
Already you are gone—far down the lane
I hear the chuntering wheels of the piled wain
Grind sharply on a stone ; then all is still
Till, at the last, sad as a dead-bell rings,
A gate clangs with a note of final things.

Silent the field is left ; another year
Sinks from its apogee ; I seem to hear
The rhythmic beat of that sure setting sea
Which mortal men have called Eternity :
Backward and forth the dim years toss, and there
The crests are white with harvest everywhere.

KENNETH H. ASHLEY

Winter Flame

SUN-BLISTERED ships on opal seas,
Pacific stars spilt round the skies—
What have I now to do with these
Who know the wonder of your eyes ?

I rose and went in search of pain,
When the gay Spring passed through the land ;
Oh, clamorous Spring, that cried in vain
The pulse and magic of your hand.

Then, sudden sleet and blossom flew
On currents of the glittering gale,
And the starch-hyacinth's spikes of blue
Flared proudly through the fallen hail.

But island spring, and starry wake,
Left love asleep, made calm a crime ;
Oh, fretting heart that longed to break,
That broke and bloomed in dark and rime.

Now slow teams climb the winter flank
New-ribboned, of the upland track ;
Criss-cross the heavens blanched and blank,
Work down the wind, with flying wrack,

From fieldside wood and forward blown
Go branch, and leaf, and flying mane,
While horses move deliberate down
To strawstacks by the sunken lane.

Or, by a smooth rook-speckled hill,
The sculptured marble clouds are curled,
Like genii of unholy will,
Rising in smoke above the world.

Now light and shade, from cloud or rift,
May rollick forth with banners brave,
And from a field the wind may lift
And chase the colour that it gave

So gallantly two breaths ago.
Or sheep-cries rack a blinded scene,
When sheets of fog are twisted low,
And strangled earth is robbed of green.

Now on the hedge the Traveller's Joy
Clambers like pipe smoke up the air,
And skeined along the liquid sky,
Each evening tree is like a prayer.

Now in the fast oncoming night,
Beneath the steely flying snows,
The garden stretches black and white,
That gave the lupin and the rose.

What care if tropic harbours swirl,
Grape-coloured in the morning shine,
Or through red-bloomed pom'granates curl
The tendrils of the weighted vine ?

What care that beauty dwells supreme
In men and women, towns and ships,
Set dark against the gold of dream :
Temples, bright boats, and carven lips ?

What care for hillsides, where the heat
Puffs acrid from the glowing stone ?
I've heard beneath my head the beat
Of your strong heart, which is my own.

What care though fire and colour flared
Eternal from the coral skies,
To one who in this bleakness dared
To claim the secrets of your eyes ?

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

THE MOLE

By GERALD BULLETT

I

CONVERSATION turned inevitably to the local tragedy that was agitating all the village. The little general store, the only shop the place boasted and a poor thing at that, had been burned down in the night, and nothing remained but the heap of ruins from which, not many hours since, two charred corpses had been removed. Our chessmen stood in battle array, ready for action, but unnoticed by either of us. Something in Saunders's manner held my attention. Sceptic though I am, I have always found him interesting. He pays me the compliment of divesting himself of his rectorship when he visits me, and it has flattered my vanity to believe that I see a side of him that is for ever hidden from those of his parishioners who assemble Sunday by Sunday to receive from him their spiritual ration. And I was the more intrigued because I divined depths in him still to be explored.

Perhaps I am over-fanciful, said Saunders, edging his chair nearer to the fire ; but it had always seemed to me that there was more in their marriage than the mere female domination so obvious to everyone. And when poor Gubbins came to me last winter, with the story that I'm going to tell you, my guess was confirmed. Mrs. Gubbins wore the breeches—a vulgar phrase for a vulgar thing—but that wasn't all. I shall never forget my first visit to her shop. You've seen the woman scores of times, but I'll tell you the impression she made on me. Her face was leather ; her nose was pinched and pitiless ; her eyes—did you ever notice her eyes ? You'd expect her to possess the malignant dominating eyes of the shrew. No such thing. Mrs. Gubbins's eyes resembled those of a mask, or of a corpse ; they were fixed, so it seemed to me, in a cold, everlasting, fishy scrutiny of a drab world. If they were the windows of her soul, they were windows made of frosted glass. Looking at those eyes, I seemed to see vacuity behind them. Looking again, I surmised a soul indeed, but a damned soul. A professional prejudice, perhaps, that you won't sympathise with. But it was not her eyes that most disturbed me. I have seen a variety of unpleasant eyes. But I have never seen on any human being so ugly a mole as was on that woman's chin. It was about the size of a pea, and growing from it were three longish black whiskers. The thing looked positively feline. It became for me, as soon as I caught sight of it, her most significant feature. And that, too, proved a good guess.

I had gone to the shop ostensibly to buy a cake of soap, but really in the hope of catching a glimpse of a human soul, of two human souls. I had heard queer accounts of this couple, and I was curious.

"A cake of soap, please, Mrs. Gubbins." I was then a stranger to her, as to most of the village, but my use of her name evoked no sign of life in those glassy eyes of hers. She turned to her husband, that mild little man with dreaming eyes and a trim beard who looked just what he was, a lay preacher with a touch of fanaticism and a taste for fantastic prophecy. He was sitting at the back of the shop on a case of sugar, or something of the kind, engrossed in reading his pocket Bible.

"Run along," said Mrs. Gubbins, in her flat expressionless voice. "Soap, George! You know where it is!"

The little man looked up with the air of one dragged unwillingly from a dream. In his small rabbit-eyes Christian patience did battle with resentment. I seemed to scent a crisis. Had the woman nagged him for his idleness I couldn't have blamed her. But what interested me was not the rights and wrongs of the quarrel, but its method.

He blinked at her defiantly. There was a pregnant silence during which they stared at each other. Then the woman, protruding her chin, elongating her thin neck, bent a little towards him. I was dumbfounded with astonishment, breathless with a kind of morbid curiosity. For the moment it seemed to me that she must be mutely demanding a kiss in token of his submission; but while I watched, fascinated out of my good manners, she lifted her hand slowly and placed her index finger upon the point of her chin. It flashed on me that she was directing his attention to that mole of hers.

Gubbins, averting his eyes, slid off the seat. "Yes, dear!" he muttered, and disappeared into the bowels of the shop.

II

Secrets of the confessional? Yes, in a sense. But Gubbins wouldn't grudge you the story now. It was during that phenomenally cold spell in November, fifteen months ago, that he came to me. That he came to me at all should tell you something of his anguish of spirit, if you knew the man. Everybody knew him to be a deeply religious person, of the Bible-punching kind, but not everybody guessed how his particular conception of reality had eaten into his mind. He could prove to you by an elaborate system of Scriptural cross-references that the Day of Judgment was due to occur in the summer of 1950; and the geography of heaven was more familiar to him, and more concrete, than the chairs and tables in his own house or the streets of this village. Two-thirds of him lived among these precise humorless dreams of his, dreams that were the fruit not of mystical experience but of laborious investigations, with rule and compass and a table of logarithms, extended over fifteen years. Two-thirds of him—that means he was more than a little unbalanced. He was a preposterous combination of arrogance and humility; we had many a friendly argument together, though the friendliness, I fancy, was rather on my side. Blandly certain of being the

custodian of divine truth, he was yet pitifully dubious about his own chance of salvation and almost crazy in his forlorn pursuit of the love of God. Almost, but not quite ; in the medical sense he was undoubtedly as sane as you or I. Me and all my kind he disliked because we receive payment for preaching Christ. That is what makes his appeal to me so remarkable an event.

Well, he came to the rectory and was admitted by the maid. She was loyal to her orders to exclude no one, but scared by his appearance. I found him standing on my study hearthrug, his face ashen, his lean, hairy hands clutching a cloth cap as though it were his only hold on safety. The white knuckles gleamed like polished ivory. I saw the fear that flared in his tiny eyes and guessed that he had come as a suppliant, that in some way his faith in himself had been broken. And, knowing of old the obstinate strength of that faith, I shuddered.

“ In trouble, Mr. Gubbins ? ”

He appeared not to see my outstretched hand. “ I’ve had an escape from hell,” he squeaked. “ It’s that damned monkey-spot, Mr. Saunders.”

The mild expletive, coming from Gubbins, astonished me no less than his statement. I asked him to sit down and tell me all about it, but he remained standing and his fingers twitched so violently that presently his cap fell to the ground unheeded. “ It nearly got me, sir, that monkey-spot.” A local expression, no doubt ; but what did it mean ? Gubbins saw at last that I didn’t understand him. “ That monkey-spot on her chin. My wife’s chin. You must have seen it.”

Can you imagine two human beings, tied by marriage, devoting all their emotional energy to hating each other ? Perhaps not ; but that is, as near as I can tell it to you, the truth about the Gubbinses. Twenty years ago she was an unremarkable woman, and he, no doubt, a very ordinary youth. Mere propinquity, I imagine, threw them at each other. He, with little or nothing of the genuine affection that might have excused the act, took advantage of her, as the phrase is. Sin number one, the first link in the chain that was to bind him, the first grievance for her to cherish in her ungenerous heart. They were married three months before the birth of the child. It died within an hour. She chose to see in this event the punishment of the sin into which he, as she contended, had betrayed her. From that moment Gubbins was her thrall ; not by virtue of love, or the legal tie, but by virtue of the hideous moral ascendancy that the woman had been cunning enough, and pitiless enough, to establish over him. Carefully she kept alive the memory of his offence. It was a whip ready to her hand. And when, seeking distraction from his domestic misery, he turned to that intricate game of guesswork which was for him religion, what he learned there of the significance of sin only served to increase his wretchedness.

He was evidently a man weak both in spirit and intelligence, or he would have realised at once that he was no more guilty than she was. Once she had succeeded in imposing her view upon him he could not

shake it off. It remained, to poison his self-respect. Side by side with his conviction of unworthiness there grew up a hatred of the woman he was supposed to have wronged. And, being itself sinful, this very hatred provided a further occasion for remorse. It was a race between loathing and repentance, and loathing won. Never a personable woman, Mrs. Gubbins became daily more repellent, until at last the wretched husband found her mere presence a discomfort, like an ill-fitting shoe or a bad smell. In particular, he detested—as well he might—that mole on her chin, with its three feline hairs. And she, fiendishly acute, found it all out. She caught his sidelong glances of distaste, and pondered them long ; and that distaste became another weapon to her hand. She accused him of harbouring cruel thoughts ; taunted him with first robbing her of youth and then despising her for lacking it ; flung out wild and baseless charges of infidelity. To propitiate her he made the most fantastic concessions ; allowed her to turn him out of the shop, and consented to do all the housework in her stead. It became patent to the world that she was master.

You'll ask why he was fool enough to put up with this treatment ? But, given his weakness, the explanation is credible enough. She attacked him at his most vulnerable point, his conscience. Religion, as he conceived it, taught him to submit to circumstances, not to master them. In his darkest hour he could still kneel at his bedside and say, " Thy will, not mine, be done." And he really believed for a while that God's will and Mrs. Gubbins's were in mystical accord, that she, in fine, was the rod with which, for his own soul's good, heaven was scourging him. To aid this grotesque delusion there was the spectacle of her formal piety. For she was a prayerful woman, scrupulous in her speech, and of unquestioned honesty in her commercial transactions.

If only he could have cursed her and stood by his words, she might have mended. But he, arrogant enough to believe he had unravelled the ultimate secrets of destiny, dared not pit his moral judgment against hers. He was ever ready to sit on the stool of repentance. A day came when hatred rose to a frenzy in him. He cut short her complaints with an oath, poured out the gall of his heart upon her. She seemed quelled, and in his triumph he added a taunt, banal and indeed puerile : " You whiskered old cat ! " It was a fatal mistake. She stared at him mutely for a moment, no doubt in sheer astonishment. Then her eyes narrowed and something like a smile twisted her lips. " Cat and mouse," she remarked coldly. And—call the man a fool, if you like—that reply terrified Gubbins as nothing else could have done.

He had betrayed himself once more into the hands of the enemy. He had provided her with a new and a bitter grievance. Worst of all, she knew his secret, knew that his loathing centred on that monkey-spot of hers, as he called it. From that moment I imagine her cherishing her precious mole with the solicitude that Samson, had he been a wiser man, would have lavished upon his hair. It was the source and the instrument

of her power. So far as I understood Gubbins, it was as much nausea as hatred that the thing inspired in him. His soul sickened at the sight of it. It became a poison, a torture. All this she knew and exulted in. Curious that an æsthetic sense, together with a weak stomach, should suffice to work a man's downfall.

And so I come back to that night of fear, the events of which drove Gubbins, twenty hours' later, and still electric with terror, to the refuge of my study.

III

Saunders paused to relight his pipe. One disconcerting thing about the affair, he resumed after a while, is that in Gubbins's account of his wife I can discover no human qualities at all. I fancy he himself had begun to regard her as an agent, not of God this time, but of the devil. Characteristic of him to jump from one pole to the other. And that theological fantasia, his imagination, may have coloured everything. That is as it may be. I can only tell you what he told me.

You know how quickly some noxious weed will over-run a flower-bed. Well, something of the kind happened in the ill-disciplined mind of Gubbins. He was pitifully susceptible to suggestion. An idle fancy presented itself to him : "Many a woman has been murdered for less than that monkey-spot." And the fancy became a fear which walked with him night and day, a fear lest he should be betrayed by sheer force of suggestion into murdering his wife. You realise what that would mean : it would mean damnation for his soul, or so he believed. The gallows had but few terrors for him. I think he would have welcomed death, could he have been sure of his salvation hereafter.

The seed was sown. The idea took root. And the more passionately he struggled against it, the more persistently his imagination envisaged the crime. At last one night, after a hundred sleepless hours, he reached the end of his tether.

He jumped noiselessly out of bed. Moonlight flooded the room, imparting a ghastly pallor to the face of the supine Mrs. Gubbins. In sleep she had something of the chill dignity of a corpse lying in state. The thin lips curled back a little on one side of the mouth, and in the gap gleamed a gold-crowned tooth, a tiny yellow fang. On the point of her chin was that at which the wretched man tried not to look ; itself not very offensive, but rendered hideous by the three black jealously guarded hairs depending from it. Gubbins swears that as he stood staring at his wife's face those hairs were moving to and fro like the long legs of a spider, or the antennæ of an insect seeking prey.

Having gazed long, he forced his fascinated eyes away, and padded across the room. The door clicked, in spite of him, as he opened it. He experienced all the terrors of a guilty man. Yet his intention was innocent enough ; it was even, in its grotesque fashion, comical. He had determined to shear this female Samson of her power by cutting off those three hairs.

But when he returned to the bedside, and stood again by the sleeping body of his wife, he was overcome by nausea. Distaste for the task paralysed his will. He felt as a sensitive man would feel if he were forced to crush a beetle with his naked finger. As an excuse for delay he began examining the instrument in his hand, which was a perfectly ordinary pair of household scissors having, as all scissors have, one end sharp and one blunted. The sharp end interested him most. He scrutinised its point and pressed it against the ball of his thumb ; and the thought flashed to him, as though the devil himself had whispered it : " This is sharp enough—one thrust under the left ear ! " He shuddered, recoiled from the idea, and burned with shame and fear for having ever had it. And, while still suffocating with the sense of his own guiltiness, there crept into his consciousness the nightmare conviction that he was being watched. He could not see his wife, his gaze being fixed on the scissors, but he knew that she had opened her eyes.

Gubbins couldn't explain to me the horror of that moment. He merely bowed his head on my mantelpiece and closed his eyes as if to shut out an evil vision. For when, after an age of immobility and silence, he forced himself to look at the face on the bed, he saw the cruel lips curled in a smile of final triumph ; and even the opaque eyes seemed for once to shine. And what, for Gubbins, gave the last turn to the screw of terror was that the woman was not looking at him at all. Her gaze, full of evil beatitude, was fixed on the ceiling. For several minutes, minutes that throbbed with his agony, she neither moved nor spoke ; and at last, very slowly, she moved a little higher on to the pillow and, still smiling insanely, bared her throat for him to strike. Gubbins was convinced that she ardently desired him to stain his soul with her blood.

Well, as you know, he didn't murder her : not that time, at any rate. He escaped, as he said, from hell. But I think I would as soon go to hell as have to live through those last fifteen months of his. For now she had completed his enslavement ; now she had got his miserable little soul between her finger and thumb. Added to all her old grievances, those daggers with which to stab at his conscience, she had another and a more sensational one : this terrible sin, this attempt upon her life Spiritual blackmail prolonged for twenty years. No wonder he set fire to the place.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866)

By OSBERT BURDETT

I

OF the lesser personalities which can not be left out of the literary histories, Thomas Love Peacock will always be one. But, indeed, though this is true of his rank, it is less than true of his reputation. For while he remains free from the ups and downs of fashion, in each generation he continues to live in the affections of a small but discriminating circle, which finds unusual refreshment in the vigour and purity of his style and in the idiosyncrasy of his character. He preserves the crisp flavour of an English russet apple, whose rough rind conceals a sharp but sweet savour, as agreeable to the palate as it is to the teeth. As the friend and executor of Shelley, and the father-in-law of George Meredith, he is the subject of many passing references ; but as a man of letters he survives upon his merits as the inventor of the conversational novel. His father, Samuel Peacock, was a glass merchant of London, who died when Thomas was some three years old. His mother, Sarah, the daughter of Thomas Love, a naval captain, is chiefly known to us by one suggestive fact. Her son was so much devoted to her, that her death in 1833 is said to have discouraged him from further writing. He showed to her all he wrote and relied upon her sympathy and criticism. On the death of Peacock, senior, Mrs. Peacock and her son joined Captain Love at Chertsey ; and in the Abbey House, near by, Peacock, according to *Some Recollections of Early Childhood*, published in 1835, found the setting for the halls, castles, and abbeys of his later novels. He was sent to school at Englefield Green, where he acquired a love of learning so sincere that, though his schooldays were unusually brief, he made himself, in time, a sound classical scholar. In her biographical introduction to the three-volume edition of his works, which appeared in 1875, Peacock's granddaughter, Edith Nicholls, gives, in his own words, the following account of his education :

I passed many of my best years with my mother, taking more pleasure in reading than in society. I was early impressed with the words of Harris : " To be competently skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of insuperable pains. . . . It is certainly as easy to be a scholar as a gamester or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other." Thus encouraged, I took to reading the best books, illustrated by the best critics ; and among the latter I felt specially indebted to Heyne and Hermann. Such was my education.

We next hear of him at the age of fourteen as a clerk in the firm of Ludlow, Fraser & Co., Throgmorton-street ; and while there he won an extra prize for an essay published in *The Monthly Preceptor*, a magazine

for children which began in 1800. The subject of the essay was, "Is History or Biography the more improving Study?" Leigh Hunt was a successful competitor; but Peacock received an extra prize for the precocity of his performance, which, unfortunately, was written in verse. At no time is Peacock's life very rich in biographical matter, but the facts and the inferences to be drawn from them have been carefully collated by Mr. A. Martin Freeman, whose study of Peacock, published in 1911, is probably exhaustive in regard, at all events, to the originals for the characters of the novels.

II

After about two years in London, when he spent his spare time studying the classics in the British Museum, Peacock and his mother seem to have returned to Chertsey, where they lived upon her private means in studious leisure. Peacock divided his time between reading, the river, and a series of not very interesting attempts in verse. In 1804 he wrote *The Monks of St. Mark*, a boisterous ballad (a favourite form of poetry with him), in which his two typical motives of the bottle and the friar were characteristically combined. Two years later *Palmyra and Other Poems* appeared. The book is now remembered because Shelley, in one of his letters, gave it a word of superlative praise. But Mr. Freeman points out, in justice to both poets, that Shelley read the poem in the second edition of 1812, wherein the conclusion which had attracted his notice had been entirely changed. This edition, says the same authority, has never been reprinted. On these and the succeeding poems I do not propose to linger. The true Peacock is not to be found in them. By a happy chance, the poems which show him at his best are to be found in the novels. Peacock made a false start. To pursue it in a short essay would be uncritical.

In the same year in which his volume of verse appeared Peacock made a walking-tour in Scotland. He went alone, as was his habit; and these solitary excursions, now in Scotland and later in Wales (he never travelled), stored his mind with those impressions which, as we shall shortly see, make his descriptions of scenery at once so vivid and so pleasing. Between 1806 and 1812 appeared *The Genius of the Thames*, a descriptive and reflective poem in the eighteenth-century manner, and three dramas which remained in manuscript till 1910, when they were printed with a preface by Dr. A. B. Young, in time for Mr. Martin Freeman to note them.

The year 1812 is more memorable for the meeting with Shelley, to whom Peacock was probably introduced by Edward Hookham, the publisher, than for *The Philosophy of Melancholy*, Peacock's next ambitious attempt in verse. But even the best of these attempts, *Rhododaphne*, which appeared later, in 1818, has only the virtues that remain when poetic inspiration is wanting: fluidity of phrase, elegance, form—in short, the qualities of a prose which has been made to measure. His experience for six months as under-secretary to Sir Hope Popham, at Flushing,

during the winter of 1808-9 was a false start in another direction. The meeting with Shelley, though it offers little material, was, however, the turning-point in Peacock's literary life. The two men, scholarly in their tastes and affectionate in their disposition, were mutually stimulating. Peacock's wit, good-fellowship, and genial scepticism, were as attractive to Shelley as Shelley's opinions and ideals were to him. Each appealed to the tolerance of the other through a scholarly community of taste; and in the Shelley circle Peacock found a crowd of enthusiasts whose "fervour" not only afforded him endless amusement, but gave him models for the opinionated crew whose discussions were to be the staple of his novels. "Harriet Shelley was always ready to laugh with me," Peacock recorded in his subsequent recollections, "and we thereby lost caste with some of the more hot-headed of the party." After his visit to Peacock in his old age, Robert Buchanan records that Peacock preferred Harriet to Mary Shelley, "if only on the ground of her surpassing beauty." Is it possible that Mary had also a smaller sense of humour?

III

It is with the publication of *Headlong Hall* in 1816 that Peacock made his first original contribution to English letters. There had been nothing like it before. There has been little like it since, unless we care to mention Mr. Malloch's *New Republic*. It is, perhaps, the most familiar of the seven, of which Lord Houghton says that they resemble more a French *conte* than anything else.

To me they suggest a Platonic dialogue as Aristophanes might have caricatured it, provided that he had spared the cellar from his satire. They are long short-stories, interspersed with songs and lyrics, and, with two apparent exceptions, satires on contemporary opinion. With little attempt at character or humanity, as a rule not much plot, they interest us for the wit of the dialogue which occupies the major part of them and for their descriptions of scenery. The scenery, indeed, is the only part of the structure of the novels which is never reduced to absurdity. To collect a gathering of persons with the latest views upon contemporary subjects of discussion, to set them in a country house with an ample larder, and to dismiss them when they had emptied on each other's heads their several vials of opinion, was Peacock's usual proceeding. We have only to imagine a modern frequenter of, say, the Fabian Summer School, recording the discussions and arguments between Mr. Socialist, Miss Artandcraft, Professor Psychoanalysis, and Mr. Cubist, to see where and among whom, at the present time, Peacock would have found a setting for his satires. In *Headlong Hall* a bibulous Welsh squire entertains one Christmas a party of philosophers, theorists, and critics, each of whom is the walking embodiment of one particular fad in diet or ideal. Mr. Escot, the deteriorationist; Mr. Foster, the perfectibilian; Mr. Jenkinson, the statuquoite; and the Rev. Doctor Gaster, the gastrosoph, are the chief.

It says much for the crispness of the dialogue that we are interested in the speeches, even though each speaker's name is a guide to his ensuing words. The following is an example of their talk :

Mr. Escot : Clearly the correct interpretation of the fable of Prometheus is a symbolical portraiture of that disastrous epoch when man first applied fire to culinary purposes, and thereby surrendered his liver to the vulture of disease. From that period the stature of mankind has been in a state of gradual diminution, and I have not the least doubt that it will continue to grow small by degrees and lamentably less, till the whole race will vanish imperceptibly from the face of the earth.

Mr. Foster : I can not agree in the consequences being so very disastrous. I admit that in some respects the use of animal food retards, though it can not materially inhibit the perfectibility of the species. . . .

In the controversy concerning animal and vegetable food, said Mr. Jenkinson, there is much to be said on both sides ; and the question being in equipoise, I content myself with a mixed diet, and make a point of eating whatever is placed before me, provided it be good of its kind.

After further argument, Dr. Gaster declares Mr. Jenkinson's conclusion to be orthodox. Indeed, he adds, the *loaves and fishes* are typical of a mixed diet.

Mr. Escot was in love with Miss Cranium but had offended her father, the phrenologist, whose complexion, at the sight of their mutual blushes, "underwent several variations, from the dark red of the peony to the deep blue of the convolvulus." During a walk Mr. Milestone, the landscape gardener, and Mr. Gall, the critic, discuss the nature of the picturesque :

Mr. Gall : I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call unexpectedness.

Mr. Milestone : Pray, sir, by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds a second time ?

There can hardly be a better instance of a good debating point, for the retort is, of course, a verbal victory only. It should be added that in the later novels the dialogue is not so mechanical, and even one-idea enthusiasts are allowed to be sometimes illogical. Were the matter not interesting, the stilted language would be fatal ; but the ' Conversational Novel ' has nothing in common either with conversation or with prose narrative. It descends from the Socratic Dialogue, wherein neither talk nor humanity (as the novelist knows them) professes to have part.

IV

The year after the publication of *Headlong Hall*, Peacock's most original novel appeared under the title of *Melincourt*. He had always been haunted by a picture of an oran-outang, which he had seen in his boyhood, and, as

his custom was, he had read all that he could about its habits. The arguments of Lord Monboddo, an eighteenth-century evolutionist, who appears to have been somewhat overlooked, particularly impressed him. Peacock therefore decided to make this creature the hero of a novel, and to give chapter and verse for all his feats. He set about his task in an exuberant and learned way. The scholarly recluse, Mr. Sylvan Forester, the inhabitant of Redrose Abbey, explains to an old friend, who was paying him a visit, how the taciturn gentleman "with the ludicrous physiognomy 'set off' by a pair of enormous whiskers," became a member of his household. Mr. Oran, as he then was, had been purchased from a retired naval captain, who had bought him from a negro upon the coast of Angola, brought him home, taught him gardening, and to disport himself upon the flute and the French horn. Authorities for these and all his other accomplishments are quoted at length, and perhaps have won several readers for the ingenious and learned Lord Monboddo :

"With a view to ensuring him the respect of society which always attends rank and fortune," Mr. Forester went on, "I have purchased him a baronetcy, and made over to him an estate. I have also purchased from the Duke of Rottenburgh one-half of the elective franchise vested in the body of Mr. Christopher Corporate, the free, fat, and independent Burgess of the ancient and honourable borough of One-vote, who returns two members of Parliament, one of whom will shortly be Sir Oran Haut-ton." Mr. Forester's friend whistled.

The difficulty of presenting such a character and of making him interesting is obvious enough, but Sir Oran was also dumb ! He had to convince by his actions and by his silence. This he does, and remains, on the fantastic plane, the most original conception in our fiction. In the recorded habits of his tribe, Peacock found sufficient for his purpose ; and Sir Oran rescues a lady, belabours a crowd, and carves a pheasant so convincingly that we never miss his want of speech. Against the background of his silence all his actions become significant. Our imagination waits upon him and is never disappointed. The story, from which, alas, he is inclined to disappear, is never more interesting than when he is present.

The heroine of *Melincourt* is one of Peacock's favourite women, with a mind of her own, a standard of her own, and the charm, at all events, of independence, generosity, and candour. Even in her stilted style of speech, from which the "good women" of most of our novelists rarely escape, Anthelia Melincourt is curiously like Lydia in *Cashel Byron's Profession*. She is supposed to have gained her freedom-loving soul from her upbringing in Westmorland, which is described as follows :

The majestic forms and wild energies of nature that surrounded her from her infancy impressed their character on her mind, communicating to it all their own wildness, and more than their own beauty. Far removed from the pageantry of courts and cities, her infant attention was awakened to spectacles more interesting and more impressive : the misty mountain-top, the ash-fringed precipice, the

gleaming cataract, the deep and shadowy glen, and the fantastic magnificence of the mountain clouds. The murmur of the woods, the rush of the winds, and the tumultuous dashing of the torrents, were the first music of her childhood.

After this it is hardly surprising that her notion of a lover is extremely exacting. She sketches her requirements with the ardour and forensic eloquence of a practised public speaker. But, despite these artificial handicaps, she is attractive and sincere.

In the chapter called "The Torrent" is this description of a mountain storm :

Suddenly the grey mist fled before the rising wind, and a deep black line of clouds appeared in the west, that, rising rapidly, volume on volume, obscured in a few minutes the whole face of the heavens. There was no interval of preparation, no notice for retreat. The rain burst down in a sheeted cataract, comparable only to the bursting of a waterspout. The sides of the mountains gleamed at once with a thousand torrents. Every little hollow and rain-worn channel, which but a few minutes before was dry, became instantaneously the bed of a foaming stream. Every half-visible rivulet swelled to a powerful and turbid river. . . . Anthelia looked back, and found herself on the solitary rock insulated on the swelling flood.

[A stranger suddenly appeared among the trees of the pine grove, and made gestures to show his willingness to help.]

He paused a moment as if measuring with his eyes the breadth of the chasm, and then, returning to the grove, proceeded very deliberately to pull up a pine. Anthelia thought him mad ; but infinite was her astonishment to see the tree sway and bend beneath the efforts of his incredible strength, till at length he tore it from the soil, and bore it on his shoulders to the chasm.

Sir Oran had come upon the scene ; and his action is supported upon three footnotes from Rousseau, *Ancient Metaphysics*, and the *Letter of a Bristol Merchant* ; these declare, in effect, that he could pull up a whole forest, if he chose, and we are perfectly ready to believe them.

But as the novel proceeds it becomes increasingly discursive and argumentative, though it is relieved by the stirring episode of the election, and the lively description of the charring of the new M.P.s, unfortunately too long to quote. Peacock's intolerance of mysticism and his chaff of Mr. Mystic remind me of a modern Hellenist who confessed that Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* had been a severe hindrance to himself. Such another Hellenist was Peacock, Peacock the Epicurean ! Were common sense, as the term is ordinarily used, based upon sufficient reflection and knowledge, it would be no bad equivalent for the wisdom of the ancients. They accepted life as they found it, and, while distinguishing between common sense and vulgar prejudice, used reflection to make the most of life on a foundation of possible virtue and reasoned morals. Peacock is best described as a Tory, with a Tory's characteristic independence and hatred of shams and abuses, wherever found. His apparently radical outbursts are nothing more than this Tory independence. His fund of common sense needs no single spokesman, and, added to his quick satirical intelligence, provides a pervasive influence throughout his novels ;

it hovers here and there among the characters, being more human than any of them, and comes to us at last in the flesh and blood of a set of prejudices, more human and more convincing than anything colder than themselves.

There is more plot in Peacock's third novel, *Nightmare Abbey*, which appeared in 1818. It has acquired some extrinsic popularity because the melancholy Scythrop has been identified with Shelley, though this adds little, I think, to our enjoyment of the hero or his model. It was the "lightness, chastity, and strength" of the prose in this novel which Shelley praised. The melancholy Scythrop, with the *Sorrows of Werther* in his hand, "built many castles in the air, and peopled them with secret tribunals and bands of illuminati As he intended to institute a perfect republic, he invested himself with absolute sovereignty over these mystical dispensers of liberty." Mr. Flosky, the critic, wrapped in transcendental gloom, anticipates the Erewhonian defence of hypothetics by his belief in abstract reasoning and his assault upon light, "the great enemy of mystery." He therefore christened his son Emanuel Kant! A humorous character is Mr. Asterias, the ichthyologist, who has christened *his* son Aquarius.

Mr. Asterias believed in the existence of mermaids and tritons, whom he described as "the oran-outangs of the sea," a reminder of the motive which Peacock had put to such original use in *Melincourt*. The belief of Mr. Asterias is supported by a learned argument, which reminds us that Peacock found most of his whimsies in scientific treatises and learned works. The knowledge thus gained made Peacock a master of the footnote, and he is one of the few writers, perhaps the only novelist, whose footnotes could not possibly be spared.

The plot provides this novel with a climax. It ends with the sound of unexpected and indeed arbitrary wedding-bells. *Nightmare Abbey* also contains the capital drinking-song, wherein Mr. Hilary and the Rev. Mr. Larynx participated :

Seamen three ! What men be ye ?
 Gotham's three wise men we be.
 Whither in your bowl so free ?
 To take the moon from out the sea.
 The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
 And our ballast is old wine.
 And your ballast is old wine.

Peacock's humour, which had its root in reverence, approves Dr. Johnson's dictum that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else. Except for Meredith, this epicure's delight in good cheer, the sacrament of hospitality, has vanished from our novels. Cellars have passed either into the female line, with the usual disastrous consequences, or shrunk to the dimensions of a small cupboard. It is remarkable that dietetics, about which we know so little, have usurped the "Physiologie du Goût" about which we have inherited so much. Yet I must

feelingly record that some of the best Steinberg Cabinet that I have ever tasted was handed to me at the table of a notorious teetotaller.

VI

Peacock had now reached the age of thirty-three. With several volumes of verse, of which he must have begun to feel the limitations, and three respectfully received but not very successful novels, he had reached a time when it became necessary to ask himself if he had really found his feet either in life or in letters. It must have been difficult not to reply in the negative. So he began to reconsider his position. A former school-fellow of his, Peter Auber, happened to be secretary to the East India Company, and apparently procured Peacock a nomination. The company is credited with keeping an open-eye for young men of ability, which it was prepared to test by examination. After a few months' study Peacock appeared before the examiners, who marked his papers "Nothing superfluous and nothing wanting," and was appointed an assistant examiner, under James Mill, whom he succeeded eighteen years later. He promptly married Jane Gryffiths, a Welsh girl whom he had met eight years before. In his administrative work Peacock showed great ability. He was an early believer in the iron steamboat, a redoubtable witness before Parliamentary Committees, and received the praise of General F. R. Chesney for the model instructions which he drafted for the Euphrates Expedition of 1835. In 1836 he became chief examiner, and twenty years later retired upon a pension.

In the office of the East India Company he found scope for all his gifts ; so robust a personality could hardly fail to be a capable administrator ; and we cannot doubt that his literary gifts made his official reports admirable and tonic reading. Such people, and we may include Florence Nightingale among the number, are born writers of text-books, being no less admirable as presenters of facts than they are as critics of theory.

But he did not at once abandon the habit of writing novels. His next two, *Maid Marian* (1822) and *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), can be conveniently taken together, for they were his sole excursions into the land of romance. We do not think of Peacock rejoicing in Sherwood Forest or at home in prehistoric Wales ; but these two novels, especially *Maid Marian*, are, I think, better reading than their predecessors, perhaps because his characters, being semi-historical, could not be so opinionated as their modern counterparts. Robin Hood is the hero of *Maid Marian* ; and the charm of the book is well described by Lord Houghton in the excellent criticism which he contributed to the three-volume edition mentioned above. Its atmosphere, he says, is "a kind of compromise between the old Greek freedom and the Christianity of the Middle Ages." Its scene is so vivid, and the story moves with so little disturbance, that it was made into an opera by Planché, and "produced with great success at Covent Garden." Bishop, Peacock's grand-daughter records, composed

the music, and " Charles Kemble made a great hit with one song, the only one in his career that he ever learnt to sing." The hearty friars of Rubygill Abbey are drawn with appropriate rosiness, much perhaps as they were regarded by the less censorious in the days when the religious orders had become a profession more of profit than of faith. They discuss dinner, in both senses, very well :

The good qualities of a trout, said the little friar, are firmness and redness : the redness, indeed, being the sign of all the other virtues.

Whence, said Brother Michael, we choose our abbot by his nose.

Among the songs are :

It was a friar of orders free,
A friar of Rubygill.

And the even better :

Though I be now a grey, grey friar,
Yet I was once a hale young knight :
The cry of my dogs was the only choir
In which my spirit did take delight.

Little I recked of matin bell,
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn :
And the only beads I loved to tell
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.

The story is spiced rather than interrupted by its satire, which is insinuated by the way. Thus :

So Robin and Marian dwelt and reigned in the forest, ranging the glades and the green woods from the matins of the lark to the vespers of the nightingale, and administering natural justice according to Robin's ideas of rectifying the inequalities of human condition : raising the genial dews from the bags of the rich and idle, and returning them in fertilising showers on the poor and industrious : an operation which more enlightened statesmen have happily reversed, to the unspeakable benefit of the community.

The novel ends with a charming scene in which Maid Marian fences with a strange knight, who proves to be King Richard, Cœur de Lion. Robin is restored to his Earldom of Huntingdon till the usurpation of King John sends him and Maid Marian back to Sherwood again. It would make a pretty stage tableau. But since it has already suggested an opera, composers in search of a libretto might do worse than use the old tale of *Daphnis and Chloe*, which Oscar Wilde was once asked to dramatise for the music of the late Mr. Dalhousie Young, or the *Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid*, by Thomas Hardy.

In *The Misfortunes of Elphin*, political criticism is more intensive and culminates in the astonishing defence of the neglect of the great wall, set against the sea, which the legendary Welsh custodians justified on the ground that " the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those which are sound." This was Canning's argument against the reform of the British Constitution ! The novel contains the best of all Peacock's songs, the

War-song of Dinas Vawr, which “ is put on record as being the quintessence of all the war-songs that were ever written, and the sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory ” :

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition ;
We met a host and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

We there, in strife bewild’ring,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen ;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

The inundation of Gwaelod when a terrific storm drives the sea through the wall, whose foundations have long crumbled through generations of neglect, is a piece of vivid narrative and true comic description. Seithenyn ap Seithyn was carousing with his companions, and at the crashing of the walls and the invasion of the waters, cried “ Show me the enemy ” in the perfection of drunken ineptitude.

All these novels, except perhaps *Melincourt*, which is also the longest, have the quality of asides, or recreations, or experiments. We cannot imagine the writer devoting his life to them, and no doubt he felt freer to indulge his pen when he was once happily established in the India Company’s office.

VII

In 1831 Peacock published *Crotchet Castle*, the last of the early novels, and then ceased for twenty-nine years. While it differs neither in title, scheme, nor manner from its predecessors, *Crotchet Castle* possesses a peculiar character of its own. The Welsh scenery and the love-story unfolded there seem to reflect more directly than the other novels Peacock’s own life. Jane Gryffiths, his future wife, was first met in his solitary rambles there, and the portrait of the heroine of this story has a personal touch which distinguishes her among his heroines. Here also we meet the Rev. Dr. Folliott, an epicure of such taste that he can lay down the law even about breakfast, a meal to which most aristologists devote very little attention, perhaps because it is the only one that even

sociable souls can enjoy alone without reproach. But to my mind the real distinction of *Crotchet Castle* is that it contains Peacock's one true poem : *In the Days of Old* :

In the days of old,
Lovers felt true passion,
Deeming years of sorrow
By a smile repaid.
Now the charms of gold,
Spells of pride and fashion,
Bid them say good-morrow
To the best-loved maid.

Through the forests wild,
O'er the mountains lonely,
They were never weary
Honour to pursue :
If the damsel smiled
Once in seven years only,
All their wanderings dreary
Ample guerdon knew.

Now one day's caprice
Weighs down years of smiling,
Youthful hearts are rovers,
Love is bought and sold :
Fortune's gifts may cease,
Love is less beguiling ;
Wiser were the lovers
In the days of old.

The beautiful old metre exactly suits the sentiment ; and if we compare this poem with the better-known *Love and Age* (the sentiment is not dissimilar), I think we shall agree that, except in his drinking songs, Peacock was not safe with the long line, if his rill was not to run into the sands. *Love and Age*, agreeable as it is, rumbles on with the movement of an omnibus. The heart of the matter is there, the movement and the music are not.

The long silence which followed the publication of *Crotchet Castle* was filled with Peacock's administrative work for the India Office, though he occasionally took up his pen, for instance, to write musical articles for the *Globe* and the *Examiner*, to review very slashingly Moore's novel *The Epicurean*, and to publish recollections of Shelley.

In his final novel, *Gryll Grange*, Peacock expressed his musical opinions, his dislike of competitive examinations, his scepticism of flint instruments, his admiration of Greek music and painting, through the mouth of the Rev. Dr. Opimian, the most genial of all his clerics, and the obvious precursor of Meredith's Dr. Middleton. The character and household of Mr. Falconer, who lives a studious life in an old tower waited on by seven vestals, are a genuine creation. So is the amiable Lord Curryfin, the

one amusing oddity in the novels who never forfeits Peacock's affection or our own. Miss Gryll and the statuesque Miss Niphet are also human beings, who make excellent foils to one another. *Gryll Grange* and *Melincourt* have more individual character than the other novels, which, in memory, it is difficult to distinguish from one another.

Casting back over the whole series, we do not trace much development, and are forced to regard the Peacock novel as the occasional literary relaxation of a man of scholarly tastes who was also a man of action. So far as I am aware, Lord Houghton remains the best critic of Peacock, and I can not do better than conclude with a quotation from his Preface to the edition of 1875. Since it is Peacock's clergy who linger chiefly in our memories, we may take Lord Houghton's judgment on them as a just and convenient farewell. After noting the "total absence of theology" in the conversation of these clergy, their sound scholarship, their Tory tastes, their humour and love of good cheer, Lord Houghton defines their relation to the other clergy in English fiction. Peacock's, he says, "is in fact, the transition view of the position of the sacerdotal class in this country that lay between the caricatures or pastorals of apostolic simplicity in Parson Adams and the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the very different notions that have prevailed down to our own time . . . all agreeing in isolating the clerical condition from that of the rest of humanity"—he means in expecting from them an inhuman manner of life. Since then the separation had grown so wide that the clergy of fiction on or off the stage became a wearisome absurdity. Who is really amused by Canon Chasuble, and who not grateful for the reaction which produced, for example, the Rev. Mavor Morrell, Peter Keegan, and the Bishop of Chelsea? Peacock's clergy show continuously less of caricature from Dr. Gaster to Dr. Opimian. To some extent this is true of all Peacock's characters. Limited as his art was, we cannot deny it some growth. From first to last Peacock remained himself, like a vintage wine, acquiring mellowness with years: a link between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, greater than his books, but difficult to conceive without them, in his old age a fit object for such a literary pilgrimage as Robert Buchanan has recorded in his *Poet's Sketch-Book*. In Peacock the scholar, the man of action, and the writer were very happily combined. When we think of him it seems a very English product; and, turning from his writings to the man himself, we meet a character that wins our affection and admiration. If salt is to be judged by its sapidity, Peacock was one of the salt of the earth, whose Attic savour the world would be the poorer for losing. Happily, it still seasons our letters in the potency of Professor Saintsbury, and invigorates our taste through the sympathies of Mr. Gosse; though, compared with such potent leaven as theirs, the Peacock sauce may seem—to our less catholic critics—a relish special to the few.

HIGHER BUILDINGS FOR LONDON

By OSWALD P. MILNE

THE cheerful philosophy of the Cockney is notorious. Admirable as it may be in times of stress and danger, it is less praiseworthy when matters of vital public importance are passed over as unworthy of a moment's thought. It is, I think, not overstating the case to assert that, for a "citizen of no mean city" the average Londoner is utterly indifferent to the developments that are daily taking place around him.

True, he realises vaguely that building operations are taking place. The antics of a crane may excite his momentary attention; he will grumble when road upheavals retard his progress, but, beyond a passing regret for the disappearance of a familiar landmark, or a twinge of annoyance at the inconvenient necessity for changes, the man in the street remains apathetic.

The whys and wherefores of all these uncomprehended changes apparently give him no cause for thought, although it is a matter of intimate concern to every London dweller and every London lover. Cities, like individuals, are bound to grow and change. Develop they must, but whether their development be orderly or haphazard lies ultimately in the hands of their inhabitants.

If those inhabitants remain placidly indifferent, or if public opinion remains obstinately silent, will not the citizens awake one day to find, perhaps, that a few individuals working for particular interests have gained concessions and introduced changes that are not for the common weal? They will realise that the glory of their city has departed and that where ordered beauty should reign, chaotic ugliness is rampant and that too easy optimism has reaped a harvest of confusion.

This is the danger in London to-day. War time inaction has given place to an orgy of building and changes are very rapid. Commercial interests are demanding more expansion, and a teeming population must be housed under better conditions. London will be compelled to extend. The question is—how?

One of the answers suggested to this pressing problem is that London should adopt sky-scrapers. Now this is a question that should excite every Londoner, because, if it were to pass into realisation, the aspect of London would be utterly changed, working conditions would be radically affected and the every-day life of each individual would not remain untouched. London, at the present time, has a character different from any other capital city—it has its own atmosphere and peculiar charm. In what is it different? It has not the ordered dignity and grandeur of Paris, it has not the newness and magnificence of New York, nor the self-conscious importance and blatant effrontery of Berlin,

and yet, in spite of its lack of dignity and want of "lay-out" and with its dingy appearance, it has its own attraction and remains the one great city that one can live in under pleasant conditions. It keeps its charm as a place of residence, with its scattered squares and quiet by-streets, with its houses that are still houses and have not all developed into great blocks of residential flats. What other city can give us North Street, Smith Square, or Kensington Square, Chelsea or Hampstead? London has another peculiarity, and one that we often forget, it is a city of basements. This aspect of London was brought home to me by a Frenchman, who told me one day that he had visited London and liked it, "but why," he said, "do you all live underground?" The answer that sprang to my lips was "We don't"; but when he pointed out the basement kitchens to every house, there seemed more foundation for his query. I recollected, too, that we dine in grill rooms below the ground and that thousands of clerks in the City work all their days in artificially lit and ventilated offices many feet below the level of the streets.

In any future development of London it is clearly important that we should endeavour to preserve its amenities as a place of residence, but we might happily, and with benefit to the community, sweep the basement off the map altogether.

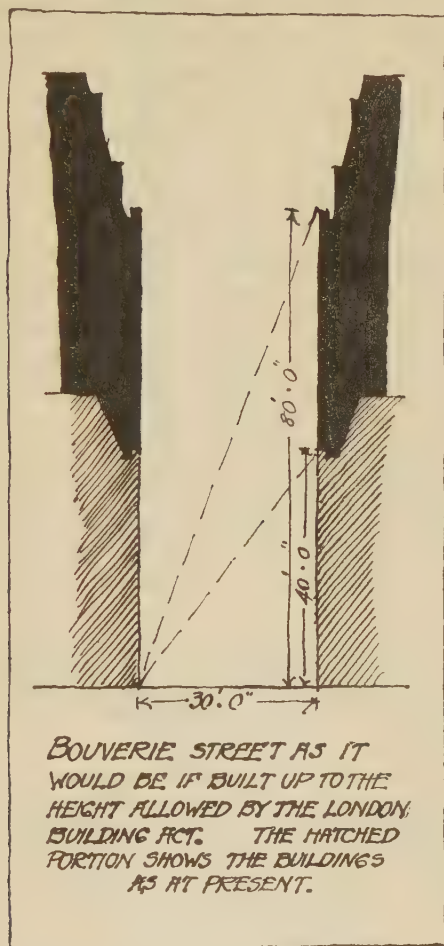
Let us examine the present regulations under which London expands and rebuilds itself and determine how these may affect the future of the town for good or ill. For our present purpose it is the regulations as to height of buildings that will mainly concern us. We shall find that these regulations are not very adequate to protect our cherished characteristics, nor are they very helpful in the solution of the pressing problem of more elbow room.

It has been suggested that Queen Anne's Mansions, with their overgrown appearance, were the immediate cause of restrictions as to the height of buildings being imposed. Be that as it may, up to 1890, there was no restriction as to height, but in that year a building Act was passed setting a limit of 90 feet. Five years later this was reduced to a limit of 80 feet from the pavement, with two stories in the roof. After the War, pressure was exerted upon the London County Council to relax this restriction, it being contended that, to accommodate the business of London an increase of height was necessary. The County Council went so far as to relax the hard and fast rule of 80 feet by allowing a greater height up to about 100 feet for particular sites, and saying that each case would be considered upon its merits.

This not very logical concession has not satisfied the business community, and is far from really settling the question of the greater accommodation required. It seems that instead of tinkering in a spasmodic way with the present Act, the whole question needs thinking out and attacking from an altogether different angle.

Various suggestions have been made in newspaper correspondence and Sir Martin Coway, in an address to the London Society, suggested

that it would be well to build in London sky-scrapers 500 feet high. Architects, too, took the matter up, and a special committee of the Royal Institute of British Architects was appointed to go into the whole question. They produced an interim report in which they recommended that a general increase to 120 feet should be allowed in the City, and that the L.C.C. should be asked to grant their discretionary powers more freely for buildings up to 150 feet, both in the City and elsewhere in



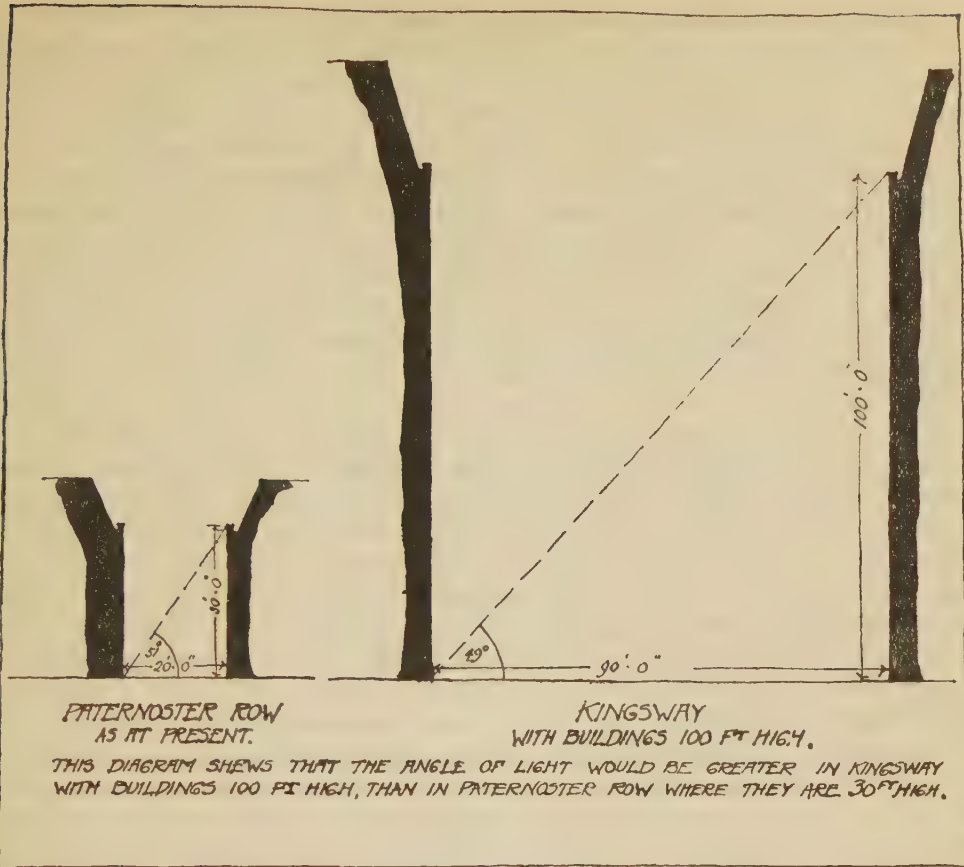
London. These findings, however, were not accepted by the Council or Main Body of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and the matter remains where it was. That the whole matter can long be left like this seems impossible. Strong bodies, such as the Incorporated Association of Retail Distributors, representing the great West End stores, the City Lands Committee and Medical Officers' Association are all pressing for a relaxation of the existing Act. By some means or other, extra accommodation must be found. The square mile of the City can no longer

find space for the great national businesses—banking, insurance, shipping, etc.—which must be carried on near the exchanges. At present, increased accommodation is being sought by burrowing underground and buildings are often carried down three floors into the earth. This is, on the one hand, a very unpleasant way of getting house room, and is, too, very unhealthy for those who are condemned to work under such artificial conditions. To get over the restrictions of space, too, business is being forced to stray from its proper purlieu into residential quarters. Private houses and business premises are to be found cheek by jowl, and Mayfair is beginning to re-echo to the clatter of the typewriter. This is inconvenient for business and unpleasant for residents.

The absurdity of the position under the existing regulations can be shortly stated. As the law stands—and this cannot be too strongly emphasised—buildings of 80 feet to the cornice can be freely erected in every street and thoroughfare upon which a building already stands, irrespective of its width or position. In fact, buildings in the City itself, used wholly for commercial purposes, and where nobody lives, come under the same rule as buildings in the West End and in residential quarters. Buildings in narrow streets may go to the same height as buildings in wide streets and open spaces. In the City, and in certain other areas, under proper arrangement, buildings might well go higher, giving greater office room and relieving the tendency to dig downwards, whereas, in the West End, a gradual raising of buildings to an even 80 foot line would bring about a desolate state of things. Fled would be the demure charm of Barton Street and Queen Anne's Gate if raised to the level of Victoria Street. Worst of all, London will lose the pleasant irregularity of sky line which has ever been her characteristic.

Worthy citizens are found opposing any change to the present Act, piously supposing that by so doing they are safeguarding the light and air of London, but they are blind to the fact that by so doing they are ensuring, in the course of time, a dreary city of uniform height—a monotonous skyline.

The next illogical point about the present Act is that while having no power to curtail the 80 foot buildings, even in the narrowest street, the Council have decided to use their discretionary power to allow greater height if and when they consider a site suitable. This is very well as far as it goes and may be a step in the right direction, especially as they happen now to use this power with wisdom. As a matter of general principle, however, it is hardly wise to rely entirely upon the discretion of an elected body, which is subject to change, both in personnel and policy. Clearly, too, the matter left in this way is a very unbusinesslike arrangement from the point of view of the man who wishes to build. Call this prospective builder Mr. Smith. Let us look at the matter through his mind. Mr. Smith contemplates buying a site. Before he buys he wants to calculate what he can put into his building, what rents he will obtain, and so on. The site, perhaps, is opposite an open space,



say on the Thames Embankment or opposite the park in Piccadilly. He has reason to suppose that under the discretionary power of the Council he may get some concession as to greater height—he does not know what, perhaps nothing, perhaps 20 feet, possibly 50 feet. He has to instruct his architect to prepare plans for a building, say 120 feet high, before he can put the matter in front of the committee for a decision. This is all an expense, and perhaps after submission he obtains leave to go to 100 feet high only. The architect has to start work again on a new scheme. Mr. Smith, too, being a business man, will suppose, rightly or wrongly, that if he can bring enough influence to bear on the committee, he may get rather more concession than if he lets matters take their own course. He must present his case well. Under such conditions, enterprise has to be blindfold. A preliminary counting of the cost is a sheer impossibility. Neither is it good for architecture, for Mr. Smith, knowing that he has a difficult and unknown course to steer, will be inclined in his choice of an architect to look for a master of the ropes and of diplomacy, who can guide him through official shoals, rather than concerning himself only in finding the man who can make him the finest design.

Although it hardly bears on the present subject, it should be realised that after official sanction has been obtained, the bugbear of ancient lights comes into play. Here there is no written law, and, should the neighbours complain of encroachment on their rights, endless negotiations must take place with the employment of solicitor and surveyor on both sides before all parties are satisfied and Smith can finally put the work in hand. Some more simple and comprehensive method of regulation and one more calculated to foster enterprise should be evolved. If the whole matter were thought out, it ought not to be impossible to provide for the orderly progress of the town on a well-considered plan. The rights of individuals should not predominate over, and should be sufficiently safeguarded by working along lines that are for the common weal.

Before laying down any better way for London, we should see how other large towns have dealt with this problem. New York has attained fame as a city of sky-scrapers. Situated as it is upon a narrow tongue of land, lateral expansion was well nigh impossible, and so the buildings were allowed to grow upwards without let or hindrance. Until 1913, the only restriction was upon tenements, of which the height was limited one-and-a-half times the width of the widest abutting street. In 1913, however, the authorities awoke to the fact that buildings of colossal height were increasing in an alarming manner, and were creating a serious evil in shutting out light and air from other buildings and from the streets. A Heights of Building Commission was formed to investigate the whole matter, and to report on the desirability of regulating the height, size and arrangement of future erections. The question of zoning (that is, of fixing various areas which will be subjected to varying rules as to building) was also to come under their consideration. The Commission set to work, but very soon found that the problem was not only one of the heights of buildings, but also of the uses to which those buildings were being put. Conditions were chaotic. There was nothing to prevent a garage from going up next to a private house, or a huge factory from over-shadowing a small shop. Tenement houses were invading good residential districts; factories were creeping in among retail businesses, and these invasions were affecting every part of the city. Millions of dollars were lost by depreciation consequent on the deterioration of a district, and Fifth Avenue especially was on the way to ruin, because manufacturers were coming into what had been a smart shopping centre.

An expansive report was finally submitted, in which very much stricter regulations were recommended for adoption, as a preliminary to the preparation of a zoning plan and the working out of restrictions for each district with reference to its peculiar needs and requirements.

The zoning resolution passed into law and has now been working smoothly and admirably for six years. There has been no confiscation of existing property, but new buildings had to conform to reasonable

requirements. Private residential districts are established and protected. Fifth Avenue has been saved by the relegation of manufacturers to an appropriate place near the working-class districts, which are also protected.

All the great cities of America have benefited by the painfully acquired experience of New York, and are now working out zoning plans, while growing towns develop on an orderly pre-arranged scheme. Buildings of different heights are allowed in different districts; in every case, however, the law insists that a definite ratio to the width of the abutting street should be maintained. For instance, in the business quarter in New York, the height of the street line is limited to twice the width of the street with a maximum of 300 feet. After reaching this limit, the building may be carried higher by setting the street wall above such limit back one foot for each four feet of increased height. As will be seen, this means that as height increases horizontal area decreases until the top-most stories assume the appearance of a graceful tower. Architectural effects of rare beauty are thus attainable and the neighbouring streets do not suffer.

In Boston, where regulations are particularly strict, 125 feet is the limit in the business section and 80 feet in the residential district.

Milwaukee has a maximum height of 225 feet, Washington one of 130 feet.

In Europe, Germany has progressed further than any other nation in the solution of municipal problems, and it was there that the zone system was first conceived and applied. The height of buildings is invariably regulated with relation to the width of the street, which it must not exceed. In Berlin this limit is 72 feet, in Frankfort 65 feet. Vienna is completely zoned, with a uniform maximum height limit of 82 feet. The result is a sky-line of very dull monotony. Paris has no zone plan, but a height limit of 65 feet is enforced, due consideration to the street width always being given.

London, in fact, appears to be the one city that has saddled itself with a universal height limit, regardless of the varying circumstances of spacious roadways and narrow alleys, city streets and residential squares.

Various suggestions have been made as to how London should provide for increased accommodation, while retaining the existing Building Act as a whole, but amending its details.

1. The building of London up to the 80-foot line of the present regulations.

2. Lateral expansion.

3. A general increase of height.

Let us examine these, and we shall see that none of them go to the root of the matter, or get us out of our difficulties.

1. Carrying the present Act to its logical conclusion and filling up all streets to the 80-foot line. This is what the L.C.C. would recommend us to do, before considering the advisability of building higher. The

evils of this have already been dwelt upon. Narrow streets would become dark canyons. Imagine buildings of the height that are growing up in Kingsway lining Bouverie Street, or the buildings in Jermyn Street of the height of those in King William Street. It is too dismal to contemplate.

It should be realised that light is dependent, not on the height of a building, but on its relation to surrounding streets. It will be seen from the diagram that a narrow thoroughfare bordered by 30-foot buildings will be far darker than a wider street with buildings 100 feet high. It is all a matter of proportion. The level sky-line, too, would be dreary and monotonous and every street would have the effect of Charing Cross Road, but many would be worse, in that they are narrower.

2. Lateral expansion. The advocates of this urge that London should spread herself out further into the surrounding country. Theoretically, this may sound very well, but is not London too vast already? Even now it is a matter of difficulty for the poor man who dwells anywhere near the heart of the town to find his way to the country, and there are many thousands of Londoners who never see green fields from year's end to year's end—one might almost say in the course of their lives. That is an unhealthy state of things for the community, and to allow London continually to drive its tentacles deeper and deeper into the country is only making matters worse.

Also, the uncontrolled elbowing out of London from the centre breeds a state of horrid muddle and confusion. Business spreads from the city to shopping centres. Shops and factories jostle with residential areas. The working man is pushed further from his office or work and property depreciates in value. The conditions of haphazard expansion are similar to those that were found to be so unfortunate in New York before the new zoning law was passed.

Decentralisation on an ordered scheme might be advantageous, but, done in a haphazard way, it spells inconvenience to business and means waste of time to the community and congestion in all means of transport. If cities one must have, a compact city with country within easy reach is far better than an interminable maze of suburbs.

3. A general increase of height.

Such a recommendation, if on the indiscriminate and all embracing plan of the present Act would only intensify the evils referred to, as being attendant everywhere on building up to the 80-foot line. We have escaped the 500-foot sky-scraper, but we may profit by the lesson that New York has learned and by the example of their present methods. It is undoubtedly along the lines of their zoning law, adapted to the special needs and idiosyncrasies of London, that we should proceed. We should never forget that the climate of London is very different from that of New York. Much has been made of the terrors of sky-scrapers, and whenever New York is mentioned as an example of what should be done that bogie is trotted out. The day of the uncontrolled sky-scraper in New York is past, and whatever evils it may have had in the past, no

one who has visited that city will deny that some of them are magnificent in architectural effect and that they give a romantic gesture to the capital. We may not want buildings 500 feet high—we certainly do not—but buildings considerably higher than our 80 feet of to-day, in the proper places and properly managed, would add valuable accommodation to the town.

The essential preliminary to an alteration of the Building Act is the careful preparation of a zoning plan for London. Last January an Act came into force under which it is compulsory for every local authority to prepare a town-planning scheme for the district which it controls. England is thus coming into line with what is a world movement. Why should London stand out as a solitary exception?

By this zoning plan London would be divided into clearly defined districts—manufacturing, business, shopping, residential, and so on. Bearing in mind special requirements and general lay-out, the maximum height limit suitable to each district would be determined. Then a ratio for the height of the buildings on the street face in accordance with the width of the street would be fixed for each area. For example, in the City the height allowed might be twice the width of the street, while in the residential areas it might be no more than once the width of the street. A limit would be set for this street face in squares and open spaces, and there would also be rules for the heights at the back of buildings, in accordance with the conditions behind, in a somewhat similar way. Special circumstances would be taken into account and provision would be made, say, for hotels and blocks of flats in residential districts, or certain sites would be marked on which the buildings might rise above the level for that district.

The set-back principle, as adopted in New York, has already been referred to, and something on the same lines might be adopted in London. Above the level of the street face as determined by the width of the street, the buildings should be permitted to rise higher if they set back so as to keep within the angle that governs the street height. This height would, of course, be limited by the depth of the site, and in no case could go above the limit of height for the particular zone. The rules for the back of the building would also have a bearing upon how far advantage could be taken of this set-back scheme.

The adoption of this principle would have its effect upon areas such as the City, where ground is very valuable. To-day is the day of big things in the City. Land and building are so costly, that generally it is only the wealthy company or syndicate that can undertake construction. At present it matters not whether the site is small or large, whether it is deep or shallow, 80 feet is the limit to which the building may go. With the set-back principle controlling the height, it can at once be seen that by the acquisition of a large and deep site, the height of the building could be much greater than if only a slip of land facing the street were being dealt with. There would be incentive to acquire these

large sites, the buildings upon them could be in the grand manner, and would rise into towers within the set-back angle. Greater accommodation, and therefore greater return in proportion to the ground rent, would be obtainable. By dealing with large sites there would be a tendency to get rid of the narrow courts and alleys that now form a tangle in the City, and the fine tower-like buildings, with spacious offices, would be a great advance on the rabbit warrens that do duty only too often at present. It would be far more cheerful to occupy an office perched high in the tower and near the clean air of Heaven, reached swiftly by a lift, than to conduct our business from a crowded court, where electric light has to be used for three parts of the year.

A glance at a large scale ordnance map of the City will show how many are the alleys and courts that could be cleared away if it were made worth the while of powerful syndicates to acquire whole blocks that are bounded by streets on all sides. This, too, might well have the effect of facilitating street widening, because with a large site it might be better for the building owner to set back his frontage for small compensation in cash, because by so setting back, he would be entitled to a greater height at the street front than if he kept to the old street line. In order to prevent the undue holding up of an improvement scheme it might be necessary to add compulsory powers for the acquisition of sites at a fair valuation. This, of course, could only be done if the planning and development of the town had been carefully thought out on a comprehensive scheme.

Rules would have to be made for sites that abutted on to two or more streets of varying width, so as to allow of proper architectural treatment, the building would have to return for a certain distance down the narrow street at the height permissible for the wider street before it broke down to the lower level.

Three "insuperable objections" are usually put forward to any suggestion for higher buildings : (1) loss of light ; (2) the traffic problem ; and (3) the difficulty of dealing with fire in high buildings.

1. As has been shown, if dealt with in a proper manner and on the set-back principle, there would be no loss of light. In fact, under proper regulations the gain of light in narrow streets would be very considerable. It is the present plan of a single height limit that is endangering light and air.

2. The traffic problem. This can well be left to take care of itself and would certainly tend to improve than otherwise under a proper system of town planning. The fact that a town increases laterally instead of in height does not really lessen the volume of traffic. It is muddled conditions, in which the factory is far from the workman's home, the business man lives far from his business and in which business houses are scattered, that brings about congestion. To take an instance : there must be less loss of time in getting about and therefore less movement among officials of the London County Council now that they are all



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SET BACK PRINCIPLE IN NEW YORK.
 IN THE BUSINESS AREA BUILDINGS MAY BE TWICE THE HEIGHT OF
 THE WIDTH OF THE STREET ON THE STREET FACE. THEY MAY GO
 HIGHER IF SET BACK ONE FOOT TO EVERY FOUR FEET IN HEIGHT.

housed together in the new County Hall, than there was when the various departments were scattered all over London. It is "carrying coals to Newcastle" that congests the arteries of traffic.

In the history of London increased demand for means of transport has always brought about an increased supply, and it is absurd to suppose that we are at the end of our resources in this direction. Even now, huge developments in the underground railways are imminent.

3. With regard to the fire danger, it is contended that the apparatus at the disposal of the fire brigade is inadequate to deal with buildings any higher than the present 80 feet. This seems a thin argument and a short-sighted one. Is there reason why London should lag behind America in apparatus? There are ways of increasing pressure, if that is the trouble, and even now water can be thrown to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. As a matter of fact, with buildings of modern fireproof construction, the danger of a large outbreak is almost negligible, and, in any case, the L.C.C. have already, in a few instances, under their discretionary powers sanctioned buildings higher than the present limit. If those can be dealt with, there can be no reason, on that plea, against higher buildings on a more ordered plan.

Argue as we will about the pros and cons for higher buildings, the plain truth remains that they are already here—an accomplished fact under the pressure of circumstances. The question is, are we to let them rear their heads one by one, ashamedly and haphazard—are we to go on in our happy-go-lucky way, hoping to "muddle through," until we find ourselves in the confusion from which New York emerged nearly ten years ago? Surely it would be wiser and more courageous to face facts, to see if we cannot, by taking thought, preserve some of the amenities and charm of London, while at the same time giving the business community what they demand—more accommodation in the heart of the town. It is only by tackling the problem in a broad spirit and in a comprehensive way that a satisfactory solution can be worked out.

A NEGLECTED POET

By R. A. KNOX

WHETHER we have lost the art of writing good poetry is a matter we debate vainly ; those coxcombs, our grandsons, will have the say in the matter. A more terrible doubt sometimes occurs to you if you have the library habit—the habit, I mean, not of *reading* old books, but of taking them down from their shelves, opening them, smelling them, taking in the scope of them, skimming ten pages, and putting them back. What if we have lost the art of writing bad poetry ? To be sure, we have still our bad poets, who, in their eagerness to benefit mankind, publish (and not infrequently distribute their work) at their own charges : they write prose for us, or pure journalese, or school-boy ineptitudes, or naked sentimentalism : they cut it up into lengths—some even rhyme it. It is bad ; but is it bad poetry ? Is it poetry at all ? Not for such, the Muse Cacohymnia expostulates, are her crowns : her orgiasts must achieve bathos, and true bathos demands a perfect craftsmanship in verse, no false rhymes, no missing cæsuras, that bad taste, bad sentiment, bad imagination may find its just and inevitable expression. Bad verse you may find anywhere ; bad poetry is of its essence a *faux ménage*—verbal felicity married to mental imbecility ; to fall ludicrously the author must fall from a height—just as a hat-hunt cannot be properly enjoyed unless a top-hat be the quarry.

The art, indeed, is not wholly dead. It was a recent pen that wrote :

If you glance at history's pages
In all lands and eras known,
You will find the buried ages
Far more wicked than our own.
As you scan each word and letter
You will realize it more—
That the world to-day is better
Than it ever was before.

There is bathos here ; but our modern, niminy-piminy metres are never a true diving-board for bathos. For it we still have to look back to Robert Montgomery and the extracts of Martinus Scriblerus :

Behold Dalhousie, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar——

how shall we recapture *that* cormorant-plunge ?

James Grainger, born at the very nadir of the bathetic movement—at that very Dunse in Berwickshire which may have given philosophy Duns Scotus, and the English language a new term of abuse—has earned in works of little compass an uncontested niche on the slopes of Catabathmon. His name was only known to his contemporaries because he won,

without deserving either, the vitriolic hatred of Smollett and the good-natured patronage of Dr. Johnson. He served Apollo with the lyre and the lancet indifferently, and an accident of trade depression forced him, to the eternal gratitude of posterity, to take over a practice in the West Indies. He owed it to himself to attempt the heroic couplet : a few dozen lines at the end of his Ode to Solitude give us a regretful glimpse of what he might have done working in that medium :

When smooth old Ocean, and each storm's asleep,
Then ignorance may plough the watery deep :
But when the demons of the tempest rave,
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave . . .

and, soon afterwards :

Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate—
The good can never be unfortunate :
And be this maxim graven on thy mind,
" The height of virtue is to serve mankind."

But an obvious preference for Milton, which is not ashamed to take the form of frequent unacknowledged quotations, beckoned him to the less precipitous crags of blank verse in the classical manner. It was in that metre he composed his masterpiece : " The Sugar-cane : A Poem in Four Books."

The selection and grouping of the matter is bad Virgil. The style is bad Milton. Add to this, that the subject of his choice is a process incurably pedestrian, the result of which can only be sugar or (at the best) rum : that while the Mantuan reaps corn Grainger hoes yams, while the Mantuan treads grapes Grainger must peel bananas ; that local colour demands the superseding of the ash and the pine by the coconut ; that machinery, which Grainger is far too conscientious to leave undescribed, does the greater part of the manufacture ; that the human labour involved is not that of jolly Apulian swains but that of negroes looted from the Gold Coast, whose presence has begun to need some explanation, even to the easy conscience of the eighteenth century. The situation cries for bathos, and gets it.

Nor tremulates the cocoa's airiest arch—

Yes, it is very much like the Georgics, only not quite the same.

Some of the skilful teach, and some deny
That yams improve the soil—

Milton might have written it, if only they hadn't been yams. " One might as well have written The Parsley Bed, a Poem," said Dr. Johnson, wrong for once : it would not have been nearly as funny.

On yonder hill, that fronts the rising sun,
With plantains and bananas bosomed deep—

There is nothing to touch that in a parsley-bed.

Grainger, indeed, seems to feel that his subject is imposed on him rather than chosen :

Where pastoral Dyer, where Pomona's bard,
And Smart and Somervile in varying strains
Their sylvan lore convey, O may I join
This choral band, and from their precepts learn
To deck my theme, which, though to song unknown,
Is most momentous to my country's weal.

Inspired to prophecy, he foresees the agricultural depression, foresees that the future of his beloved country depends upon her imports, and determines that such imports shall have their *vates sacer*, even though the theme, as he admits, will need a certain amount of "decking." The trouble is that the theme (like those unhappy mortals so framed by Nature that they cannot dress but can only put on clothes) only becomes the more incongruous the more conscientiously it is decked. What more necessary than to provide hints for first aid in case of a wetting? And yet

Unhappy he, who journeys then from home,
No shade to screen him ! His untimely fate
His wife, his babes, his friends will soon deplore,
Unless hot wines, dry clothes, and friction's aid
His fleeting spirits stay——

falls. somehow, short of the heroic note. Again, it is inevitable that a visitor, especially a medical visitor, to the tropics should be interested in the local entomology. And no doubt these things have their place in the scheme of creation :

Yet musical those little insects' hum,
That hover round us, and to Reason's ear
Deep moral truths convey.

But, in poetry, one does not want to press the point, as in the lines

Mosquitoes, sand-flies seek the sheltered roof,
And with fell rage the stranger-guest assail,
Nor spare the sportive child ; from their retreats
Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad——

and so on. Plain-speaking goes even further when, in justice to his subject, the author is compelled to describe the symptoms of "the blast," a disease which is apt to infect the sugarcane itself :

Unseemly stains succeed, which, nearer viewed
By microscopic arts, small eggs appear,
Dire fraught with reptile life : alas ! too soon
They burst their filmy gaol, and crawl abroad,
Bugs of uncommon shape.

Even where his subject is such that it might have been securely treated by a less adventurous hand, a fatal rhetorical instinct betrays the poet to

his fall ; and he rises heroically from one ditch only to trip in another. He thus describes, for example, the collecting of the sugar canes :

These with their green, their pliant branches bound,
 (For not a part of *this amazing plant*
 But serves some useful purpose) charge the young :
 Not Idleness declines this easy toil ;
 E'en Lameness from its leafy pallet crawls
 To join the favoured gang. What of the cane
 Remains (*and much the largest part remains*)
 Cut into junks a yard in length . . . etc.

And when he turns his hand to machines, little wonder that he loses his nerve.

The chymist knows, when all-pervading fire
 Bids the metalline ore abruptly flow,
 What dread explosions, and what dire effects
 A few cold drops of water will produce——

Why did not Scriblerus live to read that last line ? But whole passages must needs creep on the lower level.

To this be nailed three polished iron plates,
 Whereon three steel capouces turn with ease
 Of three long rollers, twice nine inches round,
 With iron cas'd, and jagg'd with many a cog.
 The central cylinder exceeds the rest
 In portly size, thence aptly captain named.
 To this be riveted the extended sweeps ;
 And harness to each sweep two seasoned mules :
 They, pacing round, give motion to the whole.
 Fast flows the liquor through the lead-lined spouts,
 And, depurated by opposing wires,
 In the receiver floats a limpid stream.

Oh admirable faith of the eighteenth century, which would fit the classical key to every lock !

The labourer is worthy of his hire, and Grainger is not insensible to the hedonistic aspect of the industry he celebrates.

Tell me, what viands land or streams produce
 The large, black, female, moulting crab excel ?

and, with yet more of abandonment :

But say, ye boon companions, in what strains,
 What grateful strains shall I record the praise
 Of their best produce, heart-recruiting rum ?

But, take him at his usual level, he is a moralist with more than the share of moralism common to his period. The brotherhood of Man is a subject which excites him to his highest fervour, though not, it must be admitted, to his most lyrical flights.

Then let not man, for little selfish ends,
 (Britain, remember this important truth !)
 Presume the principle to counteract
 Of universal love :

and again :

Be pious, be industrious, be humane :
 Whate'er their creed, God is the sire of Man,
 His image they : then dare not thou, my son,
 To bar the gates of mercy on mankind——

(*The Sugar-Cane*, it may be observed, was published in 1764 ; Gray had had the good fortune to write his *Elegy* thirteen years earlier.) And if our author seems at times disposed to exclude France from the common-wealth of nations, it is only because the French illustrate so admirably those very defects of justice against which he points his moral. Thus, in a description of the depredations caused by monkeys :

Destructive, on the upland sugar-groves
 The monkey nation preys ; with gambols they
 Pour o'er the cane-grove . . .
 So when, of late, innumerable Gallic hosts,
 Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by stealth invade
 The peaceable American's domains,
 No sooner Albion's martial sons advanced,
 Than the gay dastards to their forests fled,
 And left their spoils and tomahawks behind.

A still more serious accusation impeaches their methods of commercial rivalry :

False Gallia's sons, that hoe the Ocean isles

(Grainger always uses " hoe " in imitation of Virgil's *arare*, instead of a weaker verb such as " cultivate " or " till ")

False Gallia's sons, that hoe the ocean isles,
 Mix with their sugar loads of worthless sand,
 Fraudful, their weight of sugar to increase.
 Far be such guile from Britain's honest swains !
 Such arts, awhile, the unwary may surprise
 And benefit the impostor, but, ere long,
 The skilful buyer will the fraud detect,
 And, with abhorrence, reprobate thy name.

It would be difficult to find a clearer *exposé*, whether of the motives that inspire the action or of the considerations that should deter us from it.

The question naturally suggests itself, How far do these creditable sentiments of Grainger's affect his attitude towards the slave trade ? We know that our forefathers had a conveniently lax conscience on the point, and that George Whitefield owned slaves, but how will the heroic manner stand the strain of such an inconsistency ? Grainger

feels the difficulty, and tries manfully to meet it. There are, naturally, regrettable incidents :

When first your Blacks are novel to the hoe,
Study their humours ; some, soft, soothing words,
Some, presents, and some, menaces subdue ;
And some I've known, so stubborn is their kind,
Whom blows, alas, could win alone to toil.

But, even here, there is a wise moderation to be exercised :

Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue, are ye free from crimes ?
Ah, pity then these uninstructed swains,
And still let Mercy soften the decrees
Of rigid Justice, with her lenient hand——

Justice, you know. Even apart from Mercy, there are practical considerations to affect our decision.

Howe'er insensate some may deem their slaves,
Nor 'bove the bestial rank, far other thoughts
The Muse, soft daughter of Humanity,
Will ever entertain. The Ethiop knows,
The Ethiop feels, when treated like a man ;
Nor grudges, should necessity compel,
By day, by night to labour for his lord——

Yes, there is the question of the overtime. Are there even darker sides to the picture ? Probably not :

Are there (the Muse can scarce believe the tale),
Are there, who lost to every feeling sense,
To Reason, interest lost——

(" interest " is good)

——their slaves desert,
Maim'd by imprudence, or the hand of Heaven ?
The good man feeds his blind, his aged steed,
And dares a mortal to his fellow man
(For, spite of vanity, thy slaves are men)
Deny protection ? Muse, suppress the tale.

Grainger, it may be observed, had married a daughter of the local Governor. Muse, suppress the tale ! It is possible that we have to recognise in him the father of propaganda.

With all this preoccupation about humanity and the rights of the negro, it is perhaps a pity that Grainger should have left us elaborate directions, all in the classical manner but with absolute *sang-froid*, as to the various breeds of slave and their selection for purposes of commerce. It is all very well for Virgil to give us the points of a good bull or a good stallion, as he does in Georgic III. 50 sqq., but Grainger seems to carry imitation rather far when he proceeds to write :

But, planter, from what coast soe'er they sail,
Buy not the old—they ever sullen prove ;

With heart-felt anguish they lament their home ;
 They will not, cannot work, they never learn
 Thy native language ; they are prone to ails,
 And oft by suicide their being end.
 Must thou from Afric reinforce thy gang ?
 Let health and youth their every sinew firm,
 Clear roll their ample eye, their tongue be red,
 Broad swell their chest, their shoulders wide expand,
 Not prominent their belly, clean and strong
 Their thighs and legs in just proportion rise.
 Such soon will brave the fervours of the clime,
 And, free from ails that kill thy native train,
 A useful servitude will long support.

As a doctor, our poet may well have been interested in native diseases, but there is an irrepressible commercialism about all his references to them.

There are (the Muse hath oft abhorrent seen)
 Who swallow dirt (so the chlorotic fair
 Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates) ;
 Such, dropsy bloats, and to sure death consigns ;

and again :

One precept more it much imports to know—
 The blacks who drink the Quanza's lucid stream,
 Fed by ten thousand springs, are prone to bloat,
 Whether at home or in these ocean isles ;

and again, in the same matter-of-fact style :

The slaves from Minnah are of stubborn breed ;
 But, when the bill or hammer they affect,
 They soon perfection reach. But fly with care
 The Moco nation ; they themselves destroy.
 Worms lurk in all, yet pronest they to worms
 Who from Mundingó sail——

and so on. What a poet !

Not that Grainger was at all insensible to the general discomforts which attend the life of a slave. After all this catalogue of the diseases to which they are subject, he turns to address the negroes, and points out that their lot is on the whole far preferable to that of the Scottish miners—a passage which suggests thoughts.

The poet tells us that "as the face of the country was wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images." He has not failed. The poem (it really exists, and all the above quotations are perfectly genuine) needs to be read in full, as you may find it in Vol. 59 of "British Poets," published by Whittingham in 1822. It is all quite perfect, and all quite perfectly wrong. It is a wonderful production.

THE ART OF WRITING

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

FROM time to time we are solemnly warned that in the hands of modern writers language has fallen into a morbid state. It has become degenerate, if not, indeed, the victim of "senile ataxy" or "general paralysis." Certainly it is well that our monitors should seek to arouse in us the wholesome spirit of self-criticism. Whether we write ill or well, we can never be too seriously concerned with what it is that we are attempting to do. We may always be grateful to those who stimulate us to a more wakeful activity in pursuing a task which can never be carried to perfection.

Yet these monitors seldom fail at the same time to arouse a deep revolt in our minds. We are not only impressed by the critic's own inability to write any better than those he criticises. We are moved to question the validity of nearly all the rules he lays down for our guidance. We are inclined to dispute altogether the soundness of the premises from which he starts. Of these three terms of our revolt, covering comprehensively the whole ground, the first may be put aside—since the ancient retort is always ineffective and it helps the patient not at all to bid the physician heal himself—and we may take the last first.

Men are always apt to bow down before the superior might of their ancestors. It has been so always and everywhere. Even the author of the once well-known book of *Genesis* believed that "there were giants on the earth in those days," the mighty men which were of old, the men of renown, and still to-day among ourselves no plaint is more common than that concerning the physical degeneracy of modern men as compared to our ancestors of a few centuries ago. Now and then, indeed, there comes along a man of science, like Professor Parsons who has measured the bones from the remains of the ancestors we still see piled up in the crypt at Hythe, and finds that—however fine the occasional exceptions—the average height of those men and women was decidedly less than that of their present day descendants. Fortunately for the vitality of tradition, we cherish a wholesome distrust of science. And so it is with our average literary stature. The academic critic regards himself as the special depository of the accepted tradition, and far be it from him to condescend to any mere scientific inquiry into the actual facts. He half awakens from slumber to murmur the expected denunciation of his own time, and therewith returns to slumber. He usually seems unaware that even two centuries ago, in the finest period of English prose, Swift, certainly himself a supreme master, was already lamenting "the corruption of our style."

If it is asserted that the average writer of to-day has not equalled the supreme writer of some earlier age—there are but one or two in any

age—we can only ejaculate : Strange if he had ! Yet that is all that the academic critic usually seems to mean. If he would take the trouble to compare the average prose writer of to-day with the average writer of even so great an age as the Elizabethan he might easily convince himself that the former, whatever his imperfections, need not fear the comparison. Whether or not Progress in general may be described as “ the exchange of one nuisance for another nuisance,” it is certainly so with the progress of style, and the imperfections of our average everyday writing are balanced by the quite other imperfections of our forefathers’ writing. What, for instance, need we envy in the literary methods of that great and miscellaneous band of writers whom Hakluyt brought together in those admirable volumes which are truly great and really fascinating only for reasons that have nothing to do with style ? Raleigh himself here shows no distinction in his narrative of that discreditable episode—as he clearly and rightly felt it to be—the loss of the *Revenge* by the wilful Grenville. Most of them are bald, savourless, monotonous, stating the obvious facts in the obvious way, but hopelessly failing to make clear, when rarely they attempt it, anything that is not obvious. They have none of the little unconscious tricks of manner which worry the critic to-day. But their whole manner is one commonplace trick from which they never escape. They are relieved only by its simplicity and by the novelty which comes through age. We have to remember that all mediocrity is impersonal, and that when we encourage its manifestations on printed pages we merely make mediocrity more conspicuous. Nor can that be remedied by teaching the mediocre to cultivate tricks of fashion or of vanity. There is more personality in Claude Bernard’s *Leçons de Physiologie Expérimentale*, a great critic of life and letters has pointed out, Remy de Gourmont, than in Musset’s *Confession d’un Enfant du Siècle*. For personality is not something that can be sought ; it is a radiance that is diffused spontaneously. It may even be most manifest when most avoided, and no writer—the remark has doubtless often been made before—can be more personal than Flaubert who had made almost a gospel of impersonality. But the absence of research for personality, however meritorious, will not suffice to bring personality out of mediocrity.

Moreover, the obvious fact seems often to be overlooked by the critic that a vastly larger proportion of the population now write, and see their writing printed. We live in what we call a democratic age in which all are compulsorily taught how to make pothooks and hangers on paper. So that every nincompoop—in the attenuated sense of the term—as soon as he puts a pen in ink feels that he has become, like M. Jourdain, a writer of prose. That feeling is justified only in a very limited sense, and if we wish to compare the condition of things to-day with that in an age when people wrote at the bidding of some urgent stimulus from without or from within, we have at the outset to delete certainly over ninety-five per cent. of our modern so-called writers before we institute any comparison. The writers thus struck out, it may be added, cannot fail to include many

persons of much note in the world. There are all sorts of people to-day who write from all sorts of motives other than a genuine aptitude for writing. To suppose that there can be any comparison at this point of the present with the past and to dodder over the decay of our language would seem a senile proceeding if we do not happen to know that it occurs in all ages, and that, even at the time when our prose speech was as near to perfection as it is ever likely to be, its critics were bemoaning its corruption, lamenting, for instance, the indolent new practice of increasing sibilation by changing "arriveth" into "arrives" and pronouncing "walked" as "walkd," sometimes in their criticisms showing no more knowledge of the history and methods of growth of English than our academic critics show to-day.

For we know what to-day they tell us ; it is not hard to know, their exhortations, though few, are repeated in so psittaceous a manner. One thinks, for instance, of that solemn warning against the enormity of the split infinitive which has done so much to aggravate the Pharisaism of the bad writers who scrupulously avoid it. This superstition seems to have had its origin in a false analogy with Latin, in which the infinitive is never split for the good reason that it is impossible to split. In the greater freedom of English it is possible and has been done for at least the last five hundred years by the greatest masters of English ; only the good writer never uses this form helplessly and involuntarily but with a definite object, and that is the only rule to observe. An absolute prohibition in this matter is the mark of those who are too ignorant, or else too unintelligent, to recognise a usage which is of the essence of English speech.*

One may perhaps refer, again, to those who lay down that every sentence must end on a significant word, never on a preposition, and who reprobate what has been technically termed the post-habited prefix. They are the same worthy and would-be old-fashioned people who think that a piece of music must always end monotonously on a banging chord. Only here they have not, any more than in music, even the virtue—if such it be—of old fashion, for the final so-called preposition is in the genius of the English language and associated with the Scandinavian—in the wider ancient sense Danish—strain of English, one of the finest strains it owns, imparting much of the plastic force which renders it flexible, the element which helped to save it from the straitlaced tendency of Anglo-Saxon and the awkward formality of Latin and French influence. The foolish prejudice we are here concerned with seems to date from a period when the example of French, in which the final preposition is impossible, happened to be dominant. Its use in English is associated with the informal grace and simplicity, the variety of tender cadence, which our tongue admits.

* It may be as well to point that it is the amateur literary grammarian and not the expert who is at fault in these matters. The attitude of the expert (as in C. T. Onions, *Advanced English Syntax*) is entirely reasonable.

In such matters as the "split infinitive" and the "post-habited preposition," there should never have been any doubt as to the complete validity and authority of the questioned usages. But there are other points at which some even good critics may be tempted to accept the condemnation of the literary grammarians. It is sufficient to mention one : the nominative use of the pronoun "me." Yet, surely, anyone who considers social practice as well as psychological necessity should not fail to see that we must recognise a double use of "me" in English. The French, who in such matters seem to have possessed a finer social and psychological tact, have realised that "je" cannot be the sole nominative of the first person and have supplemented it by "moi" ("mi" from "mihi"). The Frenchman when asked who is there, does not reply "Je !" But the would-be English purist is supposed to be reduced to replying "I !" Royal Cleopatra asks the Messenger : "Is she as tall as me ?" The would-be purist, no doubt, transmutes this as he reads into : "Is she as tall as I ?" We need not envy him.

Such an example indicates how independent the free and wholesome life of language is of grammatical rules. This is not to diminish the importance of the grammarian's task but simply to define it, as the formulator, and not the law-giver, of usage. His rules are useful, not merely in order to know how best to keep them but in order to know how best to break them. Without them freedom might become licence. Yet even licence, we have to recognise, is the necessary offscouring of speech in its supreme manifestations of vitality and force. English speech was never more syntactically licentious than in the sixteenth century, but it was never more alive, never more fitly the material for a great artist to mould. So it is that in the sixteenth century we find Shakespeare. In post-Dryden days (though Dryden was an excellent writer and engaged on an admirable task) a supreme artist in English speech became impossible, and if a Shakespeare were to appear all his strength would have been wasted in a vain struggle with the grammarians. French speech has run a similar and almost synchronous course with English. There was a magnificently natural force and wealth in sixteenth-century French ; in Rabelais it became even extravagantly exuberant ; in Montaigne it is still flexible and various—*ondoyant et divers*—and still full of natural delight and freedom. But after Malherbe and his fellows, French speech acquired orderliness, precision, and formality ; they were excellent qualities, no doubt, but had to be paid for by some degree of thinness and primness, even some stiffening of the joints. Rousseau came and poured fresh blood from Switzerland into the language and a new ineffable grace that was all his own ; so that if we now hesitate to say, with Landor, that he excels all the moderns for harmony, it is only because they have learnt what he taught ; and later the romantics, under the banner of Hugo, imparted colour and brilliance. Yet all the great artists who have wrestled with French speech for a century have never been able to restore the scent and the savour and the substance which Villon and Montaigne

without visible effort could once find within its borders. In this as in other matters what we call Progress means the discovery of new desirable qualities, and therewith the loss of other qualities that were at least equally desirable.

Then there is yet another warning which, especially in recent times, is issued at frequent intervals, and that is against the use of verbal counters, of worn or even worn-out phrases, of what we commonly fall back on modern French to call *clichés*. We mean thereby the use of old stereotyped phrases to save the trouble of making a new living phrase to suit our meaning. The word *cliché* is thus typographic, though, it so happens, it is derived from an old French word of phonetic meaning, *cliqueter* or *cliquer* (related to the German *klatschen*), which we already have in English as to *click* or to *clack*, in a sense which well supplements its more modern technical sense for this literary end. Yet the warning against *clichés* is vain. The good writer, by the very fact that he is alive and craves speech that is vivid, as *clichés* never are, instinctively avoids their excessive use, while the nervous and bad writer, in his tremulous anxiety to avoid these tabooed *clichés*, falls into the most deplorable habits, like the late Mr. Robert Ross who at one time was so anxious to avoid *clichés* that he acquired the habit of using them in an inverted form and wrote a prose that made one feel like walking on sharp flints; for though a macadamized road may not be so good to walk in as a flowered meadow it is better than a macadamized road with each stone turned upside down and the sharp edge uppermost. As a matter of fact it is impossible to avoid the use of *clichés* and counters in speech, and if it were possible the results would be in the highest degree tedious and painful. The word *cliché* itself, we have seen, is a *cliché*, a worn counter of a word, with its original meaning all effaced, and even its secondary meaning now only just visible. That, if those folk who condemn *clichés* only had the intelligence to perceive it, is a significant fact. You cannot avoid using *clichés*, not even in the very act of condemning them. They include, if we only look keenly enough, nearly the whole of language, almost every separate word. If one could avoid them one would be unintelligible. Even those common phrases which it is peculiarly meet to call counters are not to be absolutely condemned. They have become so common to use because so fit to use, as Baudelaire understood when he spoke of "the immense depth of thought in vulgar locations." * There is only one rule to follow here—and it is simply the rule in every part of art—to know what one is doing, not to go sheep-like with the flock, ignorantly, unthinkingly, heedlessly, but to mould speech to expression the most

* It is interesting to note that another aristocratic master of speech had also made just the same observation. Landor puts into the mouth of Horne Tooke the words: "No expression can become a vulgarism which has not a broad foundation. The language of the vulgar hath its source in physics: in known, comprehended, and operative things." At the same time Landor was as stern a judge as Baudelaire of the random use of *clichés*.

truly one knows how. If, indeed, we are seeking clarity and the precise expression of thought, there is nothing we may not do if only we know how to do it—but that “if” might well be in capitals. One who has spent the best part of his life in trying to write things that had not been written before, and that were very difficult to write, may perhaps be allowed to confess the hardness of this task.

To write is thus an arduous intellectual task, a process which calls for the highest tension of the muscles in the escalade of a Heaven which the strongest and bravest and alertest can never hope to take by violence. He has to be true—whether it is in the external world he is working or in his own internal world—and as truth can only be seen through his own temperament he is engaged in moulding the expression of a combination which has never existed in the world before. It is not in writing only, in all art, in all science, the task before each is that defined by Bacon : *Man added to Nature*. It is so also in painting, as a great artist of modern times, Cézanne, recognised even in those same words : “He who wishes to make art,” he once said to Vollard, “must follow Bacon, who defined the artist as ‘Homo additus Naturæ’.” So it is that the artist, if he has succeeded in being true to his function, is necessarily one who makes all things new. That remarkable artist who wrote the *Book of the Revelation* has expressed this in his allegorical, perhaps unconscious, Oriental way, for he represents the artist as hearing the divine spirit from the throne within him uttering the command : “Behold I make all things new. Write !” The command is similar whatever the art may be, though it is here the privilege of the writer to find his own art set forth as the inspired example of all art.

Thus it is that to write is a strenuous intellectual task not to be achieved without the exercise of the best-trained and most deliberate rational faculties. That is the outcome of the whole argument up to this point. There is so much bad writing in the world because writing has been dominated by ignorance and habit and prudery, and not least by the academic teachers and critics who have known nothing of what they claim to teach and were often themselves singular examples of how not to write. There has, on the other hand, been a little good writing here and there in the world, through the ages, because a few possessed not only courage and passion and patience but knowledge and concentrated intellectual attention, and the resolution to seek truth, and the conviction that, as they imagined, the genius they sought consisted in taking pains.

Yet, if that were all, many people would become great writers who, as we well know, will never become writers ; if that were all, writing could scarcely even be regarded as an art. For art, on one side of it, transcends conscious knowledge ; a poet, as Landor remarked, “is not aware of all that he knows, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread.” Yet the same great writer has also said, and with equal truth, of good poetry, that “the ignorant and

inexpert lose half its pleasures." We always move on two feet, as Élie Faure remarks in his *L'Arbre d'Eden*, the two poles of knowledge and of desire, the one a matter of deliberate acquirement and the other of profound instinct, and all our movements are a perpetual leap from one to the other, seeking a centre of gravity we never attain. So the achievement of style in writing, as in all human intercourse, is something more than an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is also defined—and, sometimes I think, supremely well defined—as "grace seasoned with salt." Beyond all that can be achieved by knowledge and effort, there must be the spontaneous grace that springs up like a fountain from the depth of a beautifully harmonious nature, and there must be also the quality which the Spaniards call "sal," and so rightly admire in the speech of the women of the people of their own land, the salt quality which gives savour and point and antiseptic virtue.*

The best literary prose speech is simply the idealisation in the Heaven of art of the finest common speech of earth, simply, yet never reached for more than a moment in a nation's long history. In Greece it was immortally and radiantly achieved by Plato; in England it was attained for a few years during the last years of the seventeenth and the first years of the eighteenth centuries, lingering on indeed here and there to the end of that century until crushed between the pedantry of Johnson and the poetic licence of the Romantics. But for the rest only the most happily endowed genius can even attain for a rare moment the perfection of the Pauline ideal of "grace seasoned with salt."

It is fortunate, no doubt, that an age of machinery is well content with machine-made writing. It would be in bad taste—too physiological, too sentimental, altogether too antiquated—to refer to the symbolical significance of the highly relevant fact that the heart, while undoubtedly a machine, is at the same time a sensitively pulsating organ with fleshy strings stretched from venticle to valves, a harp on which the great artist may play until our hearts also throb in unison. Yet there are some to whom it still seems that, beyond mechanical skill, the cadences of the artist's speech are the cadences of his heart, and the footfalls of his rhythm the footfalls of his spirit, in a great adventure across the universe.

* This is that "divine malice" which Nietzsche, in *Ecce Homo*, speaking of Heine ("one day Heine and I will be regarded as by far the greatest artists of the German language," he says rather egotistically but perhaps truly) considered essential to perfection. "I estimate the value of men and of races," he added, "by their need to identify their God with a satyr," a hard saying, no doubt, to the modern man, but it has its meaning.

THOMAS PIKE LATHY

FISHERMAN, FORGER AND FEMINIST

By MAJOR J. W. HILLS

A RECENT number of THE LONDON MERCURY had a word of praise for *The Angler, a Poem*, 1819, and called the verses vigorous and congenial. So they are, some of them : others are rubbishy padding. But the sight of that title set me thinking. It is more than a century since the book appeared, and its long-forgotten story, unimportant though it is, may be worth recalling ; for the book is one of the most impudent and at the same time one of the most amusing forgeries which has ever imposed itself on the credulity of literary anglers.

The perpetrator was Thomas Pike Lathy. In 1800, when he was about thirty, his *Reparation, or The School of Libertines*, "a dramatic piece, as performed at Boston Theatre with great applause," was published at Boston, "for the benefit of the author." Later he came to England and London ; and in 1819 his *Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.*, three volumes, were produced, "with splendid embellishments." *The Dictionary of National Biography* calls it a compilation of some merit. It may be : whether the merit be Lathy's is a different matter. He was possibly also the author of six anonymous novels, published at the beginning of last century, none less than three volumes in length, and one, *Paraclete*, running to five.

He was, therefore, a gentleman of some literary reputation, and this enabled him to fob the poem off on Gosden, the sporting bookseller and publisher. The book was brought out in all the glory of an ordinary issue in octavo, special copies on large paper, one of them printed entirely on vellum, head and tail pieces uncommonly like Bewick, and an engraved portrait of Gosden himself as frontispiece.

And yet the book is stolen goods, arrant and obvious. Most of its ten cantos are taken without alteration from *The Anglers, Eight Dialogues in Verse*, published by Dilly in 1758. *The Anglers* appeared anonymously, but its author was Dr. Thomas Scott, a Free Church Minister of Ipswich, who wrote a metrical paraphrase of the Book of Job. Scott was a capable poet of the second rank, and he is often quoted by writers on fishing.

O ! as fam'd Walton could I wheel the line,
Or glory, Cotton, in a hand like thine,
And lightly on the dimpling eddy fling
The hypocritic fly's unruffled wing.

If you remember that this was written in the middle of the eighteenth century, when fishing literature was at a low ebb, it is not bad. You must not expect it to be as good verse as that of a certain John Gay : that is

asking too much, for Gay was not only a much better poet, but of all our poets every fisherman knows that he must have been the best fisher. But it is better a good deal than the average of sporting verse.

So much for Dr. Thomas Scott and his poem. It is quite worth reading even to-day, and even by those who do not fish.

Lathy's method was simple. He managed to produce beginnings and endings for his cantos, so as to cover his tracks, and in the middle he boldly inserted Scott. He changes a word here and there, it is true, and always for the worse ; but substantially Scott is unaltered. But he was not content to be merely a transporter. His mind soared to the rhapsodical, the reflective and the religious, and such verses as are his own are distinguishable by their incredible vapidty.

To hail the morn a thousand warblers wake—
As nature dictates joy, their concerts make ;
The woods, the groves with harmony rebound,
And swell the tuneful choruses around.

As a student journeys through the world, reading every line of verse he comes across, he often has occasion to pause and say : That is the worst poetry ever written. Something of this sort must happen to anyone brought up against this passage. It is so extraordinarily bad that it is wonderful that it escaped detection. But it did ; and, partly by robbing Scott, partly out of his own pedestrian imagination, Lathy goes on for nine cantos. Eight of these are pirated from Scott, and one more Lathy himself concocted, on salmon fishing. But spin them out as he would with his own rubbishy couplets, this only gave him nine cantos, and he wanted ten. What was the poor man to do ? He starts the tenth canto, falteringly, out of his own head. The stream of his inspiration, shallow and muddy, soon trickles out. He casts a wild eye round for someone to rob and pitches upon—whom ? Why, Walton ; of course, Walton ; that inexhaustible quarry, pilfered so often by the inept. Why not pirate the most beautiful verse he wrote, *The Anglers' Wish* ? True, it is written in eight-syllable lines, and Lathy's metre requires ten ; but that is a trifle to one of his attainments. Give him the ideas and the rhymes, and he will do the stuffing. Trust him for that. So where Walton wrote,

Or, with my Bryan and a book
Loiter long days near Shawford brook,

Lathy produces this,

Thus, with a fair one, with a friend or book,
Let me e'er wander near some murm'ring brook.

Is it not truly awful ? Walton's couplet is possibly the best of his best poem, and has two qualities in particular : If you look at it, you see that the melody is most carefully studied, and that the whole is closely knit. And here we have the egregious Lathy shoving his " fair one," his " e'er,"

and his "murm'ring" into the compact music of Walton's verse, smashing its form and murdering its sense. And again, where Walton ends,

And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave,

the unspeakable Lathy gives us,

Then angle quietly on, and passage crave
To an expected and a welcome grave,

which is a mistake more heinous than a crime, if ever piracy was, for he failed to notice that Walton's last line, unlike the rest, has ten syllables and might have been stolen intact. Thus, sometimes out of his own halting imagination, at others by adulterating and stealing Walton, at others, again, by robbing from an older and even more august source, Dennys' *Secrets of Angling*, did Lathy manage to eke out the lame measures of his stumbling canto.

However, he seems to have had no difficulty in palming the book off on Gosden. Gosden paid him £30 for it. I wonder how many publishers would to-day pay £30 for any poem on fishing by anybody? And Gosden, of course, paid all the costs of production. It was issued in a neat little octavo at half a guinea; and there were twenty copies on thick and large paper at a guinea. One copy was printed on vellum, at a cost of ten guineas "for the vellum alone," Gosden pathetically remarks. No expense was spared; the book is worth possessing for its charming little head and tail pieces, which, if they are not by Bewick, are by someone who imitated him uncommonly well. And best of all, as a frontispiece is a portrait of Gosden himself, engraved "from a painting by A. Cooper, Esq., R.A." There he stands to this day, rod in one hand and net in the other, leaning negligently against an altar on which is cut the cypher of Walton and Cotton; with, it is hardly necessary to add, a top hat on his head and a running stream in the background.

The book was well received. The *New Monthly Magazine* called it "elegant," and considered that the "didactic description of the various modes of Angling . . . is intermingled with rural scenery and moral reflection, so as to render the mechanical details, necessarily introduced, far from uninteresting." It added that "the embellishments are numerous, and of a superior order." *The Literary Gazette*, more cautious, contented itself with praising the printing and woodcuts. But, anyhow, no one breathed a word of suspicion; Lathy pocketed his £30, the public bought the book at half a guinea, and collectors acquired the large paper copies at double that price.

Meantime, things were beginning to happen in the world of fishing literature. During the eighteenth century a night had fallen on it. There is no prose writer of anything approaching first-class from the death of Charles Cotton near the end of the seventeenth century until you reach the first half of the nineteenth. You leave the age of the book and come to that of the manual. To take another proof of the poverty of the century,

Walton in his lifetime saw five editions of *The Compleat Angler* appear in twenty-three years, whilst the sixth was not published till three-quarters of a century later. Still, by the time of Lathy's larceny, the night was lightening perceptibly. The world once more began to take an interest in the literature of the sport. A few years earlier George Bainbridge had given this movement a fillip with *The Fly-fishers' Guide*, a book with plates of fish and natural flies much in advance of anything seen before, which held its own until it was superseded twenty years later by a work of genius by Alfred Ronalds. And in 1820, the year after Lathy's *Angler*, Burn, the London publisher, brought out his well-known reprints of the old fishing writers, reprints which are now nearly as rare as the originals. Altogether, there were signs that dawn was near. The classicism of the eighteenth century, a bad medium for open-air pursuits, was dead. The romantic revival was in full swing, and in its train there broke on the literature of fishing a second golden age, not dissimilar to that of Walton and Cotton, an age which culminated in the writings of Scrope, of Colquhoun, of Stoddart, and of Kingsley. Whether Gosden took advantage of the boom to get out, or whether he had a dawning suspicion, I do not know. But get out he did. He sold the copyright and the unsold copies to Burn, who reduced the price and brought out a second edition.

Then the blow fell. A great-nephew of Dr. Thomas Scott came across the book ; and as he himself possessed the manuscript of his great-uncle's *Anglers*, he had no difficulty in detecting the forgery, and it was exposed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. What happened to Lathy I do not know ; but his book must have continued to sell, for it was reprinted a third and last time in 1822. It frequently crops up in sales and secondhand catalogues ; and it is still bought by collectors, either as a curiosity or for its woodcuts.

Such is the story of Lathy and his squalid dishonesty. But I am not sure that he is to be regarded merely as a rogue who forged for the sake of £30, merely as one who won money and credit by picking another's brains. No, I regard him rather as a crusader in advance of his time in a cause more popular in our day than his, a cause which he had so deeply at heart that he considered all means lawful for its attainment. This cause is what he calls the union of the sexes in the delightful art of angling. The reader will recollect that he welcomed the presence of " a fair one " in his appropriation of Walton's lines. That this was not only padding is shown by another passage, where he rhapsodises at length on the advantages of mixed fishing :—

T' instruct the fair the happy lover tries,
And grateful she rewards him with her eyes.

And again :—

No solitary pastimes we pursue,
Since females grace and ornament the view.
O woman ! soother of our earthly care !
What bliss awaits, when you our pleasures share !

But any lingering doubt there may be is set at rest by the preface. The book is to be a guide "to those more social parties, where the sexes may prefer to take the diversion together." "Females of the highest rank," he exclaims, "now eagerly join in the boisterous, rude and dangerous sports of the hunter, defying hedge, ditch, gate, river, and every other obstacle, and braving all risk of broken limbs, and indelicate exposure: let not then the more gentle and more congenial pursuits of the Angler be deprived of the countenance and company of the loveliest half of creation." Here we have it. This is the real Lathy: not the pilferer and the vagabond, but the pioneer and the prophet. He advocated the equality of the sexes exactly one century before the law made them equal. And mark that he was no hare-brained enthusiast; for while he preached the new gospel to those who were ready to receive it, at the same time he gave a helping hand to the more backward by telling them that, if they followed him, he would save them from "indelicate exposure." Thus was he a reformer of highest class, for with slow and careful steps he led his disciples from the old world to the new. He has not received the recognition he deserves. In this day of triumph of the woman's cause, I fear that the retiring and dishonest Lathy has been overlooked. And yet no one has given more abundantly than he, for he sacrificed both his credit as a writer and his integrity as a man. Now that his merits are known, let us not deny him his meed of reward, but let us, in silence and respect, lay a wreath on the grave of this uncanonised martyr to feminism.

*Woodcut**G. Seebohm*

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE : SOME CHARACTERISTICS

By EDWARD SHANKS

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE lives at the bottom of a dark pit. He is always trying to clamber out of it ; and sometimes he thinks that he has succeeded. He is, however, invariably wrong when he thinks so : his fingers slip on the brink, he slides back, and the struggle begins all over again. He believes, too, that the whole of the human race is living at the bottom of the same pit. Perhaps he is right. But the question whether he is right or not is one that, sooner or later, when we consider his work, we must ask ourselves : he himself does not allow us to evade that question. The persons of his imagination are persons in ordinary circumstances, farmers, colliers, elementary school-teachers and the like, living in the unfamiliar but not specially romantic or legendary coal-district of Nottinghamshire. But in their physical experiences they are a little, and in their mental and spiritual experiences, more than a little, abnormal. The ostensible mode of all Mr. Lawrence's books, whether in prose or in verse, is what we are accustomed to call realistic. These are people who get up and go to bed, who talk, sometimes, in a recognisable dialect, who wash and eat and have holes in their socks. But

Swiftly in a flame that drenched down her body like fluid lightning and gave her a perfect, unutterable consummation, unutterable satisfaction, she brought down the ball of jewel stone with all her force, crash on his head. But her fingers were in the way and deadened the blow. Nevertheless, down went his head on the table on which his book lay, the stone slid aside and over his ear, it was one convulsion of pure bliss for her, lit up by the crushed pain of her fingers. But it was not somehow complete. She lifted her arm high to aim once more, straight down on the head that lay dazed on the table. She must smash it, it must be smashed before her ecstasy was consummated, fulfilled for ever. A thousand lives, a thousand deaths mattered nothing now, only the fulfilment of this perfect ecstasy.

She was not swift, she could only move slowly. A strong spirit in him woke him and made him lift his face and twist to look at her. Her arm was raised, the hand clasping the ball of lapis lazuli. It was her left hand, he realised again with horror that she was left-handed. Hurriedly, with a burrowing motion, he covered his head under the thick volume of Thucydides, and the blow came down, almost breaking his neck, and shattering his heart.

This scene takes place in an English country-house, in the boudoir of Hermione, who is a cultivated member of the governing classes. She strikes the blow : the recipient of it is Rupert Birkin, an inspector of schools, who is sitting there reading while she writes her letters. When it is over, he goes out, takes off all his clothes, runs about in the rain and feels better. The invention of the scene is strange enough, but one detail in

it is even stranger. Why should Rupert, at a moment when one might have expected him to be startled and frightened into unsubtle normality—why should he, just then, experience horror at being reminded of Hermione's left-handedness?

Let us take another example—this time from Mr. Lawrence's verse of an earlier period, from the poem called *Snap-dragon* :

She turned her flushed face to me for the glint
Of a moment. "See," she laughed, "if you also
Can make them yawn." I put my hand to the dint
In the flower's throat, and the flower gaped wide with woe.
She watched, she went of a sudden intensely still,
She watched my hand to see what it would fulfil.

I pressed the wretched, throttled flower between
My fingers, till its head lay back, its fangs
Poised at her. Like a weapon my hand was white and keen,
And I held the choked flower-serpent in its pangs
Of mordant anguish, till she ceased to laugh,
Until her pride's flag, smitten, cleaved down to the staff.

She hid her face, she murmured between her lips
The low word "Don't" . . .

Now such a symbolic condensation of an emotional crisis is less unexpected in verse than in prose ; but it is typical of what Mr. Lawrence constantly does in both. Even where verse deals with everyday life we do not ask of it that the details shall be verisimilitudinous, we expect it to go beyond the larger surface and give us the smaller core. But in novels, more particularly where the author says : "She wore a dress of dark-blue silky stuff, with ruches of blue and green linen lace in the neck and sleeves ; and she had emerald-green stockings," we expect all the events and details to be invented, however they may be arranged, strictly with a view to probability. It is something of a shock when we find they are not. Now Mr. Lawrence does nothing to soften this shock. He is, on the surface, neither a romantic nor a symbolist. He seemed even, to some of his early reviewers, to be a painter of the manners of the Midlands, not incomparable with Mr. Arnold Bennett. Perhaps the Nottingham colliery-district of which he wrote was so unfamiliar that London critics were at first ready to believe of it almost anything they were told. Mr. Bennett indeed had often insisted on both the incredibility and the strict truth of his pictures of the Five Towns. These pictures were not, perhaps, so amazing as he would have had us believe ; but critics are impressionable creatures, or they would not be critics. They came, very likely, to think that another dispensation obtained north of the Chilterns, in which southern standards of probability must be applied with caution. But gradually it began to be obvious that if one were to take the realistic texture of Mr. Lawrence's work, whether in prose or in verse, at its face-value, one would have to conclude that it is peopled with ill-mannered,

hypersensitive and hysterical lunatics, one would have to begin and end with the judgment that human beings do not talk like this, do not behave in this way.

It is a first sign of Mr. Lawrence's quality that he does not allow us, he has never allowed anyone, to come to such a conclusion. To-day we are rather apt, indeed, to be over-impressed by obscurity. We cannot help remembering that an earlier generation thought not only Browning but even Tennyson to be unintelligible ; and, with this recollection in our minds, we go about in modern literature a good deal too ready to buy any pig in a poke, because to us the existence of the poke connotes the superlative goodness of the pig. But Mr. Lawrence's obscurity has a different effect. Here we feel that the author is doing his best and that some of the effort towards comprehension must come from ourselves. Here is work which will perhaps appear to a later generation as lucid as most of Browning does to us, work which, like the famous Sonata of Marcel Proust's Vinteuil, must gradually create its own understanding audience. If we can take a few steps in that direction, we shall have done something on which we may congratulate ourselves. But, before we do so, we must renounce the pleasure of objecting that members of the English governing classes do not beat school-inspectors over the head with lapis-lazuli paper-weights. We must remember, to begin with, that Mr. Lawrence's work has enough obvious and normal virtues to prove him not to be an idiot.

His work is considerable in extent for a career which began no longer than twelve years ago. It consists of seven substantial novels, a volume of short stories, a volume of long-short stories, two plays, four collections of verse, and two books of travel. Not all of this bulk is equally good ; but none of it is trivial or even can be described as having been lightly undertaken. Mr. Lawrence sometimes writes badly : he seems never to write with anything less than the full intensity of which he is capable. And it must be remembered, in computing his total production, that between *The Rainbow* in 1915 and *The Lost Girl* in 1920, he published no novel. This was no doubt due to the unfortunate suppression of *The Rainbow*.

The important part of this work is to be found in the novels. But would Mr. Lawrence, under other conditions than those which obtain to-day, have chosen the medium of the novel ? Has he been altogether wise in doing so ? These questions are difficult to answer. One is inclined at first to maintain that neither his material nor his particular talent for expression is suited to this form, and that, but for the tyranny which rules our literature and decrees that any man who wishes to earn a living in it must be either novelist or reviewer, he would have chosen some other. And yet *The Trespasser* at least, his second novel, apart from the magnificent descriptive passages which it contains, is excellent in form, a well-told, compact and shapely story. And, of the scenes which one remembers how many could have been rendered in any other medium ?

Mr. Lawrence's novels are mostly shapeless, ragged, diffuse. But for the example of *The Trespasser* one would be tempted to say that his narrative sense is incapable of standing by him for above half a dozen pages : even his short stories are generally amorphous lumps. *The Rainbow* rambles on through three generations. Each generation is elaborately painted in, only to be discarded when the next is old enough for the author to take interest in it. From the point of view of telling a story, this book contains more wasted labour than almost any other I know. Tom Brangwen might well say that if he was so soon to be done for, he wondered what he was begun for. But he leaves the book in one of the best of Mr. Lawrence's scenes. He is drowned, while a little drunk, in an unexpected flood ; and the reader does not forget his death. His adopted daughter, Anna, and her husband, William Brangwen, fade out far more ignominiously, only to make belated and ghostly appearances in *Women in Love*. It is Ursula to whom the rainbow appears, Ursula on whom the full force of the book is concentrated ; and Ursula is not born till more than a third of the book is done, does not develop a personality till it is half way through. When she does, Mr. Lawrence throws aside the characters on whom he has spent so many pains and whom he has not completely explained, and turns to her.

There is not, in all this, any suggestion of subtlety or premeditation : one does feel on the contrary, quite definitely, that Mr. Lawrence is making it all up as he goes on, leaving one page to suggest the next, penetrating to the hearts of his characters only one page in advance of his readers. In more demonstrable ways, he is almost insolent in his carelessness. *The White Peacock*, though it is told in the first person, contains scenes of which the narrator could not possibly have had any knowledge. In *The Rainbow*, events are huddled together or dwelt on with no regard to the symmetry or the substantiation of the story. Ursula and Skrebensky have indulged in a passionate and secret love affair for a considerable time. Then :

He could not come again to Nottingham until the end of April. Then he persuaded her to go with him for a week-end to a friend's house near Oxford. By this time they were engaged. He had written to her father, and the thing was settled. He bought her an emerald ring, of which she was very proud.

Now to such persons as these are, as Mr. Lawrence has conceived them, the public avowal of a mutual relation must have been an important event : nothing is gained, something is lost by this brusque dismissal of it. In another writer it might have been a yawn, in Mr. Lawrence it is the hunter's eagerness ; but it is not good narrative.

It is not incapacity, it is merely the author's striving after something which occupies his mind more than comely and lucid story-telling. But to say that suggests that Mr. Lawrence altogether neglects the flesh and bone of the novel, that he emaciates it to a gaunt ugliness in his search for something of the spirit. This, however, would not be true. There are few living writers more capable of clothing what they imagine in solid

and beautiful flesh. To be sure, he can write badly, with his eye anywhere but on the object, as in the instance of the rabbit :

And suddenly the rabbit, which had been crouching as if it were a flower, so still and soft, burst into life. Round and round the court it went, as if shot from a gun, round and round like a furry meteorite, in a tense hard circle that seemed to bind their brains. They all stood in amazement, smiling uncannily, as if the rabbit were obeying some unknown incantation. Round and round it flew, on the grass under the old red walls like a storm.

Three similes to describe one rabbit and two of them as unsuited to the purpose as can be imagined. Indeed, in the tumult of his later work Mr. Lawrence's impressionistic power of rendering material things and scenes does appear to have lost some of its certainty. He is feverishly determined to render the half apprehended, almost wholly incommunicable mental states of his characters and, when he is describing their surroundings, distracted by this, he fumbles, he repeats himself, he blurs the image by attempting to infuse into it something he has failed to express elsewhere. Perhaps this old power is one of the things he must, or feels he must, throw over in the pursuit of his new goal. But his earlier books had extraordinarily full, rich and vivid backgrounds. As one turns over the pages of *The White Peacock*, one is astonished to find how many descriptive passages there are and how warmly they glow with life. As one reads the book, one hardly observes their profusion, for they are a true background. Mr. Lawrence is never irrelevant or self-conscious in the use of his descriptive powers. But when one looks for them they yield themselves, separable and lovely. Here is the episode of the keeper's funeral :

Till the heralds come—till the heralds wave like shadows in the bright air, crying, lamenting, fretting forever. Rising and falling and circling round and round. the slow-waving peewits cry and complain, and lift their broad wings in sorrow. They stoop suddenly to the ground, the lapwings, then in another throb of anguish and protest, they swing up again, offering a glistening white breast to the sunlight, to deny it in black shadows, then a glisten of green, and all the time crying and crying in despair.

The pheasants are frightened into cover, they run and dart through the hedge. The cold cock must fly in his haste, spread himself on his streaming plumes, and sail into the wood's security.

There is a cry in answer to the peewits, echoing louder and stronger the lamentation of the lapwings, a wail which hushes the birds. The men come over the brow of the hill, slowly, with the old squire walking tall and straight in front ; six bowed men bearing the coffin on their shoulders, treading heavily and cautiously, under the great weight of the glistening white coffin ; six men following behind, ill at ease, waiting their turn for the burden. You can see the red handkerchiefs knotted round their throats, and their shirt-fronts blue and white between the open waistcoats. The coffin is of new unpolished wood, gleaming and glistening in the sunlight ; the men who carry it remember all their lives after the smell of new warm elm-wood.

Again a loud cry from the hill-top. The woman has followed thus far, the big, shapeless woman, and she cries with loud cries after the white coffin as it descends

the hill, and the children that cling to her skirts weep aloud, and are not to be hushed by the other woman, who bends over them, but does not form one of the group. How the crying frightens the birds, and the rabbits and the lambs ; away these run to their mothers. But the peewits are not frightened, they add their notes to the sorrow ; they circle after the white, retreating coffin, they circle round the woman ; it is they who forever keen the sorrows of this world. They are like priests in their robes, more black than white, more grief than hope, driving endlessly round and round, turning, lifting, falling and crying always in mournful desolation, repeating their last syllables like the broken accents of despair.

I wish I could continue the quotation to the end of the chapter, to the narrator's return home :

The house was quiet and complacent ; it was peopled with ghosts again ; but the ghosts had only come to enjoy the warm place once more, carrying sunshine in their arms and scattering it through the dusk of gloomy rooms.

The thing is perfect of its kind. It is just because among the novelists who come after Mr. Hardy and Mr. Conrad so few can do so much, so few appear even to want to do it, that the modern novel is the rather arid and unsatisfying thing which we feel it to be.

In *The Trespasser*, again, the scene blends with the story and there are unforgettably beautiful passages of description. After this the background is not so pervasive or so consistent in excellence, though Mr. Lawrence did not by any means lose at this point his impressionistic power. But already in *The Rainbow* it is directed more closely to the realisation of mental states and in the volume of travel sketches, *Twilight in Italy*, published in the following year, the most impressive pages are of this order. Mr. Lawrence now begins to make the reader vividly aware of his struggle to get out of the pit, which body and soul have made between them, or at least to understand why he is in it. There is a hint of this in the remarkable first sketch, *The Crucifix* :

The body bent forward towards the earth, closing round on itself ; the arms clasped full of hay, clasped round the hay that presses soft and close to the breast and the body, that pricks heat into the arms and the skin of the breast, and fills the lungs with the sleepy scent of dried herbs : the rain that falls heavily and wets the shoulders, so that the shirt clings to the hot, firm skin and the rain comes with heavy, pleasant coldness on the active flesh, running in a trickle down towards the loins, secretly ; this is the peasant, this hot welter of physical sensation. And it is all intoxicating. It is intoxicating almost like a soporific, like a sensuous drug, to gather the burden to one's body in the rain, to stumble across the living grass to the shed, to relieve one's arms of the weight, to throw down the hay on to the heap, to feel light and free in the dry shed, then to return again into the chill, hard rain, to stoop again under the rain, and rise to return again with the burden.

It is this, this endless heat and rousedness of physical sensation which keeps the body full and potent, and flushes the mind with a blood heat, a blood sleep. And this sleep, this heat of physical experience, becomes at length a bondage, at last a crucifixion. It is the life and the fulfilment of the peasant, this flow of sensuous experience. But at last it drives him almost mad because he cannot escape.

Here already Mr. Lawrence is entering into the curious condition of torture which has produced his later books.

The earlier novels were comparatively normal. There is, in *The Trespasser*, a hint of that mysterious hatred between lover and beloved which puzzles Mr. Lawrence so much. But there is nothing very extraordinary in, for example, the keeper in *The White Peacock*, the man of "one idea :—that all civilisation was the painted fungus of rottenness." There is nothing abnormal in the character of Paul Morel, in *Sons and Lovers*, the young man unbreakably bound to his mother, unable to give himself in love to either Miriam or Clara. In these books there is much that is good, normal and in the ordinary tradition of the novel. Mr. Lawrence can create characters, though, because he is so little concerned with story or plot, one is apt to forget in which book each occurs. George Saxton might stray from *The White Peacock* into *The Rainbow* without producing any effect of oddness. Alice Gall, in *The White Peacock*, and Beatrice Wyld, in *Sons and Lovers*, are surely the same person : at any rate the mind very easily confuses them.

This at least must be said, however, that, though Mr. Lawrence's novels are often shapeless and straggling, they do produce an effect of real life lived by real persons. Even as late as *Aaron's Rod*, this power is distinctly noticeable. The opening scenes of that book, the Christmas Tree in Aaron's home, the bar-parlour at the "Royal Oak" are paintings at once of extraordinary vividness and extraordinary solidity. Indeed, one might go through these books for a long time, picking out such things—the splendid last fifty pages of that disappointing work, *The Lost Girl*, which describe the life of the Midland girl Alvina with her peasant through the Calabrian winter, the death of Tom Brangwen, the rabbit-hunting in *The White Peacock*, and so on. These things stay longer in the memory than the complete books from which they come : they are at all events the body of Mr. Lawrence's work, if not its soul. And to them may be added here the more simple and successful of his two plays, *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, with its beautiful last scene, in which the mother and the wife lay out the body of the dead miner who has given them both so much pain.

I have questioned above whether the novel is the proper medium for Mr. Lawrence, whether under other conditions than those of our day he would himself have chosen to use it. But he was at all events born in a time when, however tyrannically the novel was pointed out as his path, it was possible for him to get his verse at least taken seriously and not merely as a novelist's recreation. His first book of verse, *Love Poems and Others*, immediately followed *The Trespasser* ; and it contained many beautiful things. Verse, indeed, one was inclined to think then, was his proper medium : it seemed suitable for his impressionistic richness, for his intensity of concentration on the passionate and symbolic moment. There were poems here which

equalled the grave and measured beauty of the funeral-scene I have already quoted :

Into the yellow, evening glow
Saunters a man from the farm below,
Leans and looks in at the low-built shed
Where hangs the swallow's marriage-bed.

The bird lies warm against the wall.
She glances quick her startled eyes
Towards him, then she turns away
Her small head, making quick display
Of red upon the throat. His terrors sway
Her out of the nest's warm, busy ball,
Whose plaintive cry is heard as she flies
In one blue stoop from out the skies
Into the evening's empty hall.

There were also the dialect poems, including the queerly realistic and poignant little story of the girl whose policeman lover had been seduced by the widow he lodged with. Mr. Lawrence has since published three more collections, which contain many good pieces ; but on the whole I doubt whether verse is a medium which serves him better than, or even as well as, prose. From the first there was an awkwardness in his versification, a breathless scrambling to get at the rhymes, which was characteristic enough but which he would have been better without and which, I fancy, he would have been glad to get rid of. It drove him to free verse ; and in free verse he tended to become bombastic, hysterical and false. At his best he can write such a piece as this :

Along the avenue of cypresses
All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices
Of linen go the chanting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers . . .

And all along the path to the cemetery
The round dark heads of men crowd silently,
And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully
Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands
With sunken head, and forgotten, folded hands ;
And at the foot of a grave a mother kneels
With pale shut face, nor either hears nor feels

The coming of the chanting choristers
Between the avenue of cypresses,
The silence of the many villagers,
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

At his worst he writes :

And if I never see her again ?

I think, if they told me so
I could convulse the heavens with my horror.
I think I could alter the frame of things in my agony.
I think I could break the System with my heart.
I think, in my convulsion, the skies would break.

It won't do : it reminds one irresistibly, though painfully, of the man in one of Mr. Wells's books, who said : " If she is dead, I will r-r-rend the heavens like a garment ! "

These two extracts are taken from *Look ! We Have Come Through !* the book in which, as it seems to me, Mr. Lawrence made a definite attempt to discover whether verse might not be made to serve his purpose instead of the prose novel. I have always thought that in this attempt he must have been influenced by the German poet, Richard Dehmel—not so much by the *Roman in Romanzen*, *Zwei Menschen*, as by the lyrics in *Aber die Liebe*, which obviously tell the same story, but less deliberately. This may or may not be so : I have no means of telling. At any rate, there is a decided resemblance in more than one point between the two writers. Both concentrate, sometimes with success, on the passionate and symbolic moment. Both take an equally mystical and sensual view of life and, in particular, of love. Both are often betrayed by the turbulence of their emotions into mere violence of language which does anything but express their meaning.

Of the two extracts I have given, the first, for all Mr. Lawrence may say of the unity of his book, is distinctly detachable. It is " the sort of poem modern poets write," an impression, an anthology piece, beautiful and valuable for its beauty, but inevitably with something of its author left out of it. Mr. Lawrence can do this and often does ; but when he attempts to get more of himself into his verse, as a rule he fails. *Look ! We Have Come Through !* fails by reason of both violence and obscurity. The language is often, as in my second extract, too turgid and exaggerated to convey any impressive emotion. And the meaning of the passionate moments which the book successively describes, their relations with each other and their significance for the persons who experience them are never clear. The central idea of the work never emerges so clearly as in the " Argument " with which it begins ; and even the " Argument " helps the reader very little to fit the separate pieces together into one scheme. But this explanation is worth quoting :

After much struggling and loss in love and in the world of man, the protagonist throws in his lot with a woman who is already married. Together they go into another country, she perforce leaving her children behind. The conflict of love and hate goes on between the man and the woman, and between these two and the world around them, till it reaches some sort of conclusion, they transcend into some condition of blessedness.

Conflict of love and hate ! Some sort of conclusion ! Some condition of blessedness ! The first phrase has a meaning which is real enough when we look at Mr. Lawrence's latest books. In writing the other two, he seems to have deceived himself. His world is a world of struggle, in which love is very much like hate, in which indeed one connotes the other and in which both are equally bitter. But with this endless struggle he is endlessly concerned. In *The Rainbow*, Tom Brangwen makes a speech at Anna's wedding, in these terms :

" There's very little else, on earth, but marriage. You can talk about making money or saving souls. You can save your own soul seven times over, and you may have a mint of money, but your soul goes gnawin', gnawin', gnawin', and it says there's something it must have. In heaven there is no marriage. But on earth there *is* marriage, else heaven drops out, and there's no bottom to it."

The gnawing of the soul, its declaration that there is something it must have—these are things which are very real and very terrible to Mr. Lawrence ; and his acute consciousness of them is really the force which fills his work with life. In most men this sense of longing is roused from time to time by " someone's death, a chorus-ending from Euripides," is recognised by them as unappeasable and set aside, suffered or enjoyed, as best it may be. But Mr. Lawrence will not admit that it is unappeasable ; and he is for ever trying to find the proper satisfaction for it. He has sought the solution in love and marriage ; but, though he finds these indispensable to man, the perfect solution is not there. Tom Brangwen is unsatisfied, Will Brangwen is unsatisfied, Ursula finds that Skrebensky cannot give her what she wants and sends him away. *Women in Love* ends with the tragedy of Gerald and Gudrun, and with Rupert and Ursula not quite happy, he because marriage does not give him all he demands, she that he should feel this. Aaron Sisson finds that he cannot be the lover of the Marchesa del Torre because he " feels his wife somewhere inside him " ; but he does not turn home to his wife. From marriage Mr. Lawrence turns to the ideal of comradeship which he finds in Whitman. In an essay on Whitman, he argues that we must not destroy marriage but surpass it and reach " the sheer friendship, the love between comrades, the manly love which alone can create a new era of life."

It would be absurd to attempt here to criticise the philosophical value of these ideas ; but it will be something if we can disentangle the effect produced by them, and by the passionate striving whence they spring, on Mr. Lawrence's work. They have beyond all doubt increased its wildness and unreality. The attempt to appease an unappeasable desire might be expected to transcend the ordinary means of expression ; and so here it has proved in several curious ways. It has led Mr. Lawrence's style towards a strange, almost childish naivety. The author of *The White Peacock* knew all about literary English and accomplished prose. The author of *Aaron's Rod* prefers to write like this :

They were quite a little family and it seemed quite nice . . .

So Aaron went skipping off to his appointment, at seven o'clock. Judge of his chagrin, then . . .

But need we say that Mr. Aaron felt very much out of it.

It is almost like a little girl telling a story in the nursery to her companions : it is not very remote from the style of Miss Daisy Ashford. Now is this the detestable deliberate naivety of sophistication ? I think it is not. I think that Mr. Lawrence, under pressure of his desire to attain to some goal, has come to the single-mindedness of childhood.

So it is, I believe, with the distortions and unrealities of his later books. *The Lost Girl*, *Women in Love* and *Aaron's Rod* are all, outwardly, ordinary realistic novels. The dress of the characters is described, their food is described, there are little satirical sketches of odd persons. But the principal characters are always and consistently abnormal both in their speech and in their actions. A novel, of course, which gave a pure reflection of normal existence would be a very dull affair. A novel must at least deal with an interesting case, must show its persons under some sort of strain : it must almost necessarily have in it some situation which is not usual. But a novel which is one long abnormality, which on almost every page diverges from daily experience, is a different business. And one remembers of what a tissue of events and conversations these novels of Mr. Lawrence's are made up. One remembers that amazing Italian touring troupe in *The Lost Girl*, the initiation ceremony by which Alvina is received into the Natcha-Kee-Tawaras, the wrestling match between Gerald Crich and Rupert Birkin, the tirade which Ursula delivers against Rupert. And one comes to the conclusion that these are not, and are not intended to be, human beings as we know them.

They are, in fact, the symbols by means of which Mr. Lawrence expresses what continually occupies his mind, the belief that somewhere there *must* exist some appeasement for the intolerable yearning which possesses the mind of man. Whether there is such an appeasement or not does not concern us here : it is enough if we have disentangled this as the chief motive force of his work. We have still to consider whether he is wise in presenting his symbols under the appearance of men and women from the coal-grimed Midlands. There are obvious disadvantages in this method. It is easy to say, as I have already said, that his world is peopled by ill-mannered, hypersensitive and hysterical lunatics. It is easy to exclaim that human beings do not speak like this, do not behave like this. It is a stronger complaint that from Aaron Sisson playing with his children and washing in the back-kitchen we are dragged with a sickening jerk to Aaron Sisson, an impossible mythological giant making love in an impossible way to an impossible Marchesa del Torre.

Against this there is a good argument. Modern myths are difficult to invent and generally unwieldy when they are invented. We do not want Mr. Lawrence to take to classical machinery or to the concoction of Jurgens. Perhaps his clinging to the framework of ordinary life as the

material for his books prevents him from flying off into the confused nightmares of Strindberg, who was often little less delirious than Mr. Lawrence can sometimes be. He is in no danger of forgetting that what he has to express, and the symbols he uses for expressing it exist, after all, only for the service of ordinary life. Above all—he is a man of genius ; and we must wait and see, without expressing any too dogmatic opinion, where the path he has chosen will take him.

We have seen already what the taking of this path has involved. He is the rare example of a man who, endowed with every gift for writing beautifully and movingly, has thrown them aside in order to follow the line of thought and feeling which his nature ordered him to follow. It is possible to say that the solutions he offers of the great problem oppressing him are empty and false. I think they are. I think there is no answer to this riddle. I think Mr. Lawrence would be a more prudent and a happier man if he were to abandon the hope of finding one. But then Keats would have been a more prudent and a happier man if he had not permitted himself to love Fanny Brawne. Much great literature comes out of passionate follies. Mr. Lawrence's passion may be a folly. He may be wrong in thinking that it is possible for us to climb out of the pit in which we lie. He may be wrong on looking at this life as a pit. But, if so, out of his error comes a flame of poetry, smoky, strange and disconcerting as it may be, which is at least genuine and which is hardly paralleled by any of the novelists of his generation.

REPRINTS—XII

[For this poem we are indebted to Mr. R. W. Chapman. It obviously owes a good deal to a more famous work, but is worth reprinting. It comes from a poem on the Pomfret Statues, to which is added another on Laura's Grave. Oxford. 1758. (By John Vivian, Balliol, Proctor 1760, Reg. Prof. of Mod. Hist., 1768-71.)—EDITOR.]

On Laura's Grave

BENEATH yon flow'ry turf, the fairest head,
E'er slept on Earth's cold bosom, lies asleep.
O Earth ! enwrap her soft ; and o'er her dust
Let ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue weep.

The Morn, as o'er the misty plain she treads,
Shall sprinkle in the sod her pearly tears,
And o'er her grave shall Eve delight to muse,
While airy dirges sooth her list'ning ears.

Oft the blue nightly taper's studious flame
Shall weeping fancy leave, and thro' the gloom
Steal a sad visitant to pour her plaints,
And bend her pensive head o'er LAURA's tomb.

Here shall she see, the same due rites to pay,
With silent pace, in sable weeds array'd,
Eye-streaming sorrow, and deep-sighing Love,
With trailing torch, advance along the shade.

The Muses come, and scatter wreaths around,
Weav'd by the fingers of the infant Year.
Remembrance comes, and, hence departing loth,
Oft turns the wistful look, and drops a tear.

JOHN VIVIAN



THE FAIR DAY: EVENING. WEXFORD

By Jack B. Yeats

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TEXT OF MARCEL PROUST

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—May I make a respectful appeal through you to the Editors of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* to take a nail out of the coffin of the Entente by presenting English readers (if they will not do it for their own countrymen) with a tolerable text of the masterpieces which the death of this enchanting writer has left to their mercies? They have made an entire issue of their magazine into a monument to Marcel Proust in which almost every contemporary of mark has placed a stone of praise and devotion; but they continue to print his books in a form which the most corrupt authors of antiquity need hardly envy.

To take a small point first, I could easily fill a column with maimed or distorted words which though not perplexing are provoking: *gouvernés, curioristé, présurseur, insouscieuse, adémicien, atrice, trite*: let these suffice. It is worse when the intruding word is a real one, *décrivant* for *décriant*, *forme* for *femme*, *défend les portes* for *devant les portes*. Punctuation is a still more important matter. The fascinating Saint-Simonian syntax of Proust's more elaborate passages makes the same kind of demand on an English reader's attention as that of the speeches in Thucydides or the later autobiographical writings of Henry James; and the strain is wantonly increased when the comma, which can be such a useful little creature under control, is allowed to gambol among the long paragraphs like an ignis fatuus. Proust himself seems to have taken but little interest in his commas, even when they were "inverted"; but this makes it all the more incumbent on his Editors to keep them in their places.

The most serious complaint is to come. No one who has seen a proof of Proust's in facsimile will blame the compositors for losing their way; but surely there should be someone over them who can distinguish a style from a pepperpot, and perceive, for instance, that "on peut appartenir à une famille princière, et à une famille par le sang, par l'esprit fort populaire" (*C. de G. II*, p. 176) is a jigsaw which should be arranged as "on peut appartenir à une famille princière par le sang, et à une famille fort populaire par l'esprit": that in "le navire . . . , ainsi que dans une toile apparaissait impressionniste, . . . comme si on n'eut fait que découper son avant" (*J. F. II*, 97) the word "apparaissait" has jumped from its place before "comme": that the paragraph "Bloch s'était montré enchanté . . . à l'ambassadeur" on p. 196 of *C. de G. I* belongs after "C'est justement ce qui vous enrume" on the opposite page: and that Proust cannot have meant the sentence at the top of *S. et G. II*, ii, p. 122, to survive, after he had rewritten it in the far more polished and pointed form in which it appears at the bottom of p. 121. I could multiply such awful examples. Upon my word, we ought to be thankful that the actual titles of the books have been kept from coalescing, and that there is no volume labelled *À la Recherche des Jeunes Filles Perdues*.

Proust himself (small blame to him, considering the scale of his work and the conditions in which he did it) committed many inconsistencies and oversights. His great ladies hop from perch to perch in the peerage, and one can never be sure, when next one meets with Mme. d'Arpajon, Mme. de Marsantes, or Mme. de Surgis-le-Duc, whether she will be vicomtesse, comtesse, marquise or duchesse. I defy the most earnest student to give a connected account of the movements of Bloch and M. de Norpois at Mme. de Villeparisis' tea-party; or to reconcile the two versions of that lady's marriage; or the first two appearances of Mme. de Souvré. If Proust had remembered that he had made a joke of Mme. de Montpeyroux being nicknamed "Petite" because she was enormous, he would hardly have repeated it about Mme. d'Hunolstein. It is demonstrable that at the Princesse de Guermantes' reception the entrances of the two undesirable Embassy staffs are really alternative drafts (as it were, an Elohistic and a Jahvistic)

of the same incident, only one of which should have been printed. But these accidents, and others like them, are now, alas ! irremediable. All the more reason why the publishers should do what is still possible to produce the books in a worthy form.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has laid it down that nobody can read Proust except Mr. Walkley, will think this letter a sad waste of space. I hope, sir, that in spite of this Bull you may think it of interest that there should be discussion of even these comparatively noteless blots on a remembered name.—Yours, etc.,

E. MARSH.

5 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, March 26th, 1923.

TOM OF BEDLAM

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Everyone who, like myself, has been the fortunate possessor of the right edition of Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (mine is a single volume, undated), and has felt the fascination of "Tom o' Bedlam," must be grateful to Mr. Sidgwick for trying to lay hold on that will o' the wisp. Its present revival is in itself a curiosity. Only last year I copied from a recent American novel (Harriet Comstock's *The Shield of Silence*) an "old English ballad" in two verses, of which the first is substantially that of the *Loving Mad Tom*, and the second is more pleasing than any of the four stanzas given in *Wit and Drollery* :

" I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And then I'll coin the weather,
I'll tear the rainbow
From the sky,
And tie both ends together."

Mr. Sidgwick does not draw attention to the most distinguished literary offspring of the *Tom o' Bedlam*. The gipsy "vow" in Ben Jonson's masque, *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*, is obviously his variant of its verse i :

" The faery beam upon you,
The stars to glisten on you ;
A moon of light
In the noon of night,
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you !
The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you
Run aye in the way,
Till the bird of day
And the luckier lot betide you ! "

And through this charming fragment *Tom o' Bedlam* is the progenitor of the immortal *Nightpiece to Julia*.

Nor is this all. Whoever wrote this *Tom o' Bedlam* knew his folktales. "The Knight of ghosts and shadows" is cousin to Gervase of Tilbury's ghostly warrior of Wandlebury, whose story Heywood revived in *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels* ; and therefore also to Scott's Elfin Knight in *Marmion*, who himself could probably call cousin with Arawn, King of Annwryn, in the *Mabinogion*. I have often wondered, too, whether Crabbe's unusual flights of translunary imagination in the mad dreams of Sir Eustace Grey were not inspired by *Tom o' Bedlam* :

" They placed me where those streamers play,
Those nimble beams of brilliant light ;—
And all that half-year's polar night
Those dancing streamers wrapped me round." Etc.

May I offer Mr. Sidgwick another emendation ? The right epithet for the owl is surely neither "lovely" nor "lowly," but *lonely*.—Yours, etc.,

ETHEL SEATON.

Forest Hill, S.E. 23.

TOM OF BEDLAM

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Mr. Sidgwick may like to know that Poe uses the five magical lines of Tom o' Bedlam's Song as the motto for *The Unparalleled Adventure of Hans Pfaal*. "Heart" not "host" is printed as the third word. Poe's mind was logical as well as poetical, and I doubt not that the use of the word "commander" in the third line suggested to him that "heart" might be a mistake for "host." The poet in him unfailingly rejected the correction.

He prints "a horse of air" in italics to emphasise the bearing of the motto on the balloon voyage.

As a boy I made acquaintance with *Hans Pfaal* in Newnes' Penny Library of Famous Books, published in the 'nineties. With what indescribably new and creepy feelings I read that motto! One could almost believe that such passages possessed an active magnetic affinity for Poe's mind, drawing him inevitably to their discovery, in whatever inaccessible places they might be lying, and beneath whatever accumulations of rubbish hidden. Even yet I thrill as on the brink of a mysterious revelation at the words he puts at the head of *Ligeia*:

"And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will, pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

Is it not clear that the poet wrote "the lonely owl my marrow"?—Yours, etc.,
Clifton Villa, Currie, Midlothian. March 13th, 1923.

P. TAYLOR.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Madge Wildfire, in chapter XXIX of *The Heart of Midlothian*, sings part of the second verse of "Tom of Bedlam's Song"; as she has it, it goes:

"In the bonny cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty."

The second line, which makes it all romantic, instead of just rather horrible, is surely Scott's own.—Yours, etc.,

17, Cheyne Walk, S.W. 3. March 7th.

NAOMI MITCHISON.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In reference to the Reprint "Tom of Bedlam's Songs" in your March issue, a quotation from *The Compleat Angler* (chapter V) may be interesting to your readers. Piscator. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request, by Mr. William Basse, one that hath made the choice songs of the Hunter in his Career, and of Tom of Bedlam, and many others of note; and this that I will sing is in praise of Angling.

The note says that this song of Tom of Bedlam will be found in Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*, and in a work entitled *Choice Ayres, Songs and Dialogues, to the Theorbo-Lute and Base-Viol*.

I have no reference-library here and would like very much to know if this song of Mr. William Basse is the one Miss M. learnt from her mother?—Yours, etc.,

Poston House, Peterchurch, Hereford. April 6th, 1923. SILVIA D. G. ROBINSON.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited Our Contributor will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

MY first paragraph this month is not strictly bibliographical, but as the heading of these pages is often interpreted somewhat loosely, I make no special apology. My present object is to try to clear up a point of literary attribution and to add, if possible, one more poem to the small bulk of William Collins's known work. In Dodsley's *Museum* for August 16th, 1746, appeared, anonymously, a song which seems to have the signature of Collins in every line of it. It is this :

A Song. *Imitated from the* Midsummer-Night's Dream of Shakespeare. Act II.
Scene V.

Lo here, beneath this hallow'd Shade,
Within a Cowslip's Blossom deep,
The lovely Queen of Elves is laid,
May nought disturb her balmy Sleep !

Let not the Snake or baleful Toad
Approach the silent Mansion near,
Or Newt profane the sweet Abode,
Or Owl repeat her Orgies here !

No Snail or Worm shall hither come
With noxious Filth her Bow'r to stain ;
Hence be the Beetle's sullen Hum,
And Spider's disembowl'd Train.

The love-lorn Nightingale alone
Shall thro' *Titania's* Arbor stray,
To sooth her Sleep with melting Moan,
And lull her with his sweetest Lay.

Before I go further I had better confess that there is one piece of evidence in the way of my attribution of this song to Collins. Chalmers in 1810 in his edition of the *British Poets* gave the poem to Thomas Warton, and added the note that it was "authenticated by Dr. Warton's autograph in his copy of the museum *penes me*." That would seem to be conclusive were it not that the internal evidence (a thing which I usually distrust) is so very strongly in Collins's favour that one wonders whether Chalmers may not have made a mistake. The parallel between the phrase "the Beetle's sullen Hum" in line 11 and these lines from Collins's *Ode to Evening*,

Or where the Beetle winds
His small but sullen Horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight Path,
Against the Pilgrim borne in heedless Hum,

is so strong as almost to be convincing, especially when it is remembered that Collins's *Odes* did not appear until December, 1746. Moreover, the parallel is not a

solitary one. Take the second and third lines of this *Song* and compare with them these two passages :

Elves

Who slept in Buds the Day.

Ode to Evening, ll. 22, 23.

and

His loveliest *Elfin* Queen.

Ode on the Poetical Character, l. 4.

And in the last verse of the *Song* there seems to be an echo of line 118 of the *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*, "And melting music find the softest Lays," and a similarity of wording and thought to the passage about the nightingale in lines 16-18 of the *Ode to Simplicity* :

By her, whose Love-born Woe
In Ev'ning Musings slow
Sooth'd sweetly sad *Electra's* Poet's Ear.

I would draw special attention in these lines to the words "Love-born" (*cf.* "Love-lorn"), "sooth'd" and "sweetly." There are other less important parallels, and there is, moreover, the fact that Collins is known to have written two adaptations from Shakespeare, which have a great general similarity of style to the *Song* in Dodsley's *Museum*. I cannot help feeling that Collins wrote the poem, and discarded it because he wanted some of the phrases in it for his *Odes*. But I admit that I do not understand how Thomas Warton came to "authenticate" it as his own. When the *Song* appeared Warton was only nineteen years old, and if he did write it he must certainly have known Collins's *Odes* almost by heart before their publication—which is, of course, a possible thing. I should like to add that I have shown this poem to Mr. Christopher Stone, who edited Collins for the Oxford Press, and that he thinks the poem is, on the face of it, much more likely to be by Collins than by Warton. I should be very glad to hear from any reader of these notes on the subject of this poem—especially if he can dispose of Warton's claim to it.

NO. 4 of the third volume of *The Library*, issued by the Oxford University Press on behalf of the Bibliographical Society, has reached me. In this Mr. Harry Farr writes some *Notes on Shakespeare's Printers and Publishers, with special reference to the Poems and Hamlet*. Mr. Farr has had special opportunities of examining carefully the Crichton Stuart Collection, which is by far the most important Shakespeare collection now in private hands in this country, and his paper is an important one to Shakespearean bibliographers. Mr. R. A. Austen Leigh contributes an essay on *William Strahan and his Ledgers*, which gives much interesting information as to the costs of printing, and the remuneration of authors, in the eighteenth century. Mr. George Parker Winship, in *The Literature of the History of Printing in the United States*, surveys the present position of American bibliography. Mr. Stephen Gaselee records a hitherto unknown Spanish incunable, the *Breviloquium* of Nicolas Eymerich (1320-1399), printed at Barcelona in 1498 by Pedro Posa. Dr. W. W. Greg describes two issues of John Day's *The Isle of Gulls*, printed in 1606; the earlier issue has the imprint: "Printed by Iohn Trundle, and are to be sold by Iohn Hodgets, etc.," but obviously the printer became nervous as to what might happen to him for printing so scurrilous a work, for the later issue reads: "Imprinted at London, and are to be sold by Iohn Hodgets etc." This number of *The Library*—an excellent one—concludes with the annual report and accounts of the Society, and with the title-page and index to the volume.

NOTES ON SALES

THE books from Powis Castle, referred to in these Notes last month, were sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on March 20th, 21st, and 22nd. A fine set of Aldines, including the *Erotemata* of Lascaris, 1594, the first dated book printed by Aldus, sold for £2,750. There were four hundred or more volumes in this Aldine Collection. A remarkable Grolier binding (of the 1534-37 Venice *Cicero* in five volumes folio) fetched £2,650. Dr. Rosenbach bought the three Shakespeare quartos, the 1600 *Merchant of Venice* for £1,150, the 1619 (misdated 1600) edition of the same play for £270, and the first edition of *Othello*, 1622, for £850. The copy of *Comus*, 1637, fetched £790. The same auctioneers also sold, on March 28th, the original Thrale Trust deed, signed by Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and others, 1783, for £185; and on a later day of the same sale £600 was given for a copy of the first edition of Burns's *Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, which was printed at Kilmarnock in 1786.

FOR the past two or three months these notes have been entirely free from poetical quotations. Messrs. Hodgson's sale (on April 19th and 20th) of the library from Betley Hall, near Crewe, gives me an opportunity of returning to my habit of (as I trust) livening things up a little with scraps of verse. And this opportunity is given me, first of all, by the fact that the Betley Hall library was founded by Elizabeth Tollet (1694-1754) and her nephew George Tollet (1725-1779). The latter, so far as my knowledge goes, was not a poet, but his aunt was, and her poems were collected into a duodecimo volume in 1755. Miss Tollet was a woman of ability, and friend of Sir Isaac Newton. The note prefixed to Elizabeth Tollet's *Poems on Several Occasions*, says that she was the

Daughter of *George Tollet, Esq.*; Commissioner of the Navy, in the Reigns of King *William* and Queen *Anne*. She received a handsome Fortune from her Father, who observing her extraordinary Genius, gave her so excellent an Education, that besides great Skill in Music and Drawing, she spoke fluently and correctly the *Latin*, *Italian*, and *French* Languages; and well understood History, Poetry, and the Mathematicks. These Qualifications were dignified by her unfeigned Piety, and the moral Virtues, which she possessed, and practised in an eminent Degree. The former Part of her Life was spent in the Tower of *London*; the latter, at *Stratford* and *Westham*; where she was buried. She died on the first of *February* 1754, aged 60.

Miss Tollet, to judge from her library, certainly had a very pretty taste in books, and as to her own "extraordinary genius" and understanding of Poetry (of History and the Mathematicks I can say nothing), let the following specimen of her verse bear witness:

A Song.

Be still ye Winds! let ev'ry Breath,
Let ev'ry Whisper cease:
As in the quiet Cave of Death,
Thou babbling Eccho! Peace!

Ye Streams without a Murmur glide,
To nourish deep Despair:
No trembling Osiers by your Side
Disturb the Midnight Air.

Ye conscious Stars, that roll above,
 To fix our Fate below,
 In solemn Silence as ye move
 Be witness to my Woe :

Be witness to the Vows I made,
 The Tears I still must pay ;
 While, like a melancholy Shade,
 I shun the Face of Day.

The whole of this *Song* is, to say the least of it, graceful, and the third and fourth lines are a good deal more than that. But our chief concern here is with the Tollet library, which went to Betley with George Tollet, who lived there and seems to have been a thorough book-worm, and to have specialised in books with an "association interest." There were in this sale, for example, Pope's copy (on large paper) of Fenton's *Poems* of 1717, with the inscription "Ex libris A. Pope. Donum Authoris," which is especially interesting for the fact that Fenton was one of his assistants in the translation of the *Odyssey*. This fetched £13. And there were also books bearing the signatures of Izaak Walton, Sir Roger Twysden, Isaac Casaubon, Thomas Hearne, Sir Peter Manwood and others. The rarest book in the sale was a copy of the second edition, 1598, of Bacon's *Essays*, which sold for £470. This volume has the following amusing little poem written on a blank page in a hand of the first half of the seventeenth century :

"Tis merry when Joviall Maltmen meete,
 Who knows what haps to morrowe ?
 An ounce of debt was nere seene yet
 Paid by a pound of sorrowe.
 The times are strange and in their course
 Unstable and unknowne :—
 And att the best grow worse and worse :
 No man's sure with his owne.
 War and commotion stab our peace,
 And bosome foes disturb us ;
 Till these sad differences cease,
 Our feares will ever curbe us.

I do not know whether these verses (which read not untopically to-day) exist in any printed book, and, if so, who their author was.

A PAMPHLET of some considerable interest to collectors of Mr. George Moore's works is to be sold by Messrs. Hodgson on May 4th, and comes from the library of the late G. R. Sims. It is an undated octavo of 24 pages, sewn in grey wrappers, and the title page reads "Les Cloches de Corneville. /Lyrics By/ George and Augustus Moore./ For Private Circulation only."/ The existence of the pamphlet has not hitherto been known to the public. A note about it appeared in *The Observer* of April 8th, and drew from Mr. J. M. Glover the information that these lyrics were done by Mr. George Moore and his brother for a production of Planquette's light opera which ran for only ten nights at the Kingsway Theatre (then called the Folies Dramatiques) in 1885. Some quotations from these lyrics appeared—with slight variations—in Chapter Sixteen of *A Mummer's Wife*, which was published in 1885. Mr. Glover also gave in his letter the interesting information that Mr. Moore collaborated with Mr. Harry Paulton in a burlesque called *The*

Fashionable Beauty which was produced at the Avenue Theatre by Miss Violet Melnotte and only ran for two weeks. Perhaps this, too, exists in a printed form to make yet another addition to Mr. Moore's bibliography. It may interest some of my readers if I quote here Messrs. G. and A. Moore's version of Serpolette's *Song of the Housemaids* from *Les Cloches de Corneville*.

Though we all can clean a fender,
 We can look both sweet and tender,
 The rest must be inferred.
 Some dark as night, some fair as morning,
 All warranted to take their warning
 Without an angry word.
 First look up here, and then down there,
 And criticise us every where.
 You'll find us sweet
 From head to feet,
 And quite perfect and complete.

I never cease to marvel at the variety of things that Mr. Moore has done in the course of his literary career.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

THE specialised lists of Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., of 140, Strand, W.C. 2, and 43, Piccadilly, W. 1, are always well done. Their latest catalogue (No. 783) is devoted to books on Mathematics. It contains about 1800 items, and should be of great interest and value to all collectors of scientific books. Another classified catalogue of this firm's, which I have not hitherto had space to mention, is No. 781, *Miscellanea Orientalia*, which appeared at the end of last year. This list also (which describes over 3,000 books and manuscripts) should be of importance to those collectors to whom it is addressed. Some of the items, moreover, have a general interest, as well as an Oriental one. There is, for example, at the price of 800 guineas, a curious early manuscript of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's, *At the Pit's Mouth* (not identical with the story of that name in *Wee Willie Winkie*). It is written in two parallel columns on twelve pages, some quarto and some octavo. Apparently Mr. Kipling wrote this story and gave it to a lady author, to embroider and get published, in the year 1884. The story is written in one column of the manuscript, and in the other are instructions and suggestions for the person to whom it was sent. It was not published at the time, and 30 years later Mr. Kipling withdrew his original permission, as is shown in certain letters which accompany the manuscript.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

THE PRINTING OF THE PLAYERS' SHAKESPEARE

THE publication of the first two volumes of "The Players' Shakespeare," *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice*, was fixed for April 23rd, Shakespeare's birthday; and the printing of the third—*Cymbeline*—is well advanced. It is, of course, the prefaces of Mr. Granville-Barker and the illustrations, whether in colour or in black and white, by Mr. Charles Ricketts, A.R.A., Mr. Thomas Lowinsky and Mr. Albert Rutherston that give this edition of the Plays its special and greatest value. Nevertheless, a note about its production may be of interest to others besides myself and my colleagues at the Shakespeare Head Press, who have had the privilege of printing it.

For those who have as yet seen neither the issued Plays nor the specimen pages sent out by Messrs. Benn, the publishers, with their prospectus, I may give a few details about the type and the page. The first page of *The Merchant of Venice* is shown opposite in facsimile, so far as regards the type and the head-piece by Mr. Lowinsky; but the pages of the Plays measure $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $9\frac{1}{2}$ —nearly a royal quarto—and the margins are wider to that extent than can be shown here. The type is Caslon's "Old-face" in the size that used to be called "Great Primer." It is shown in Caslon's specimen-book on an 18-pt. body; but was cast for the Shakespeare Head Press on a 16-pt. body, so that the lines fall closer together than they would if set in the type as usually cast. The spacing of the words is closer than is usual with modern printing, a "thin" space being put where most printers would use a "middle."

Shakespeare's ten-syllabled lines would make by themselves a rather long narrow column on the quarto page; and a headline, if we had added one, would have made it longer and narrower still. So we followed Morris's practice of printing the title—and with it the number of the Act—in the "shoulder." Besides their use in indicating the place in the play, these "shoulders" improve the appearance of the page by giving it greater breadth, and somewhat lessen its monotony. They are set in the same type as the text.

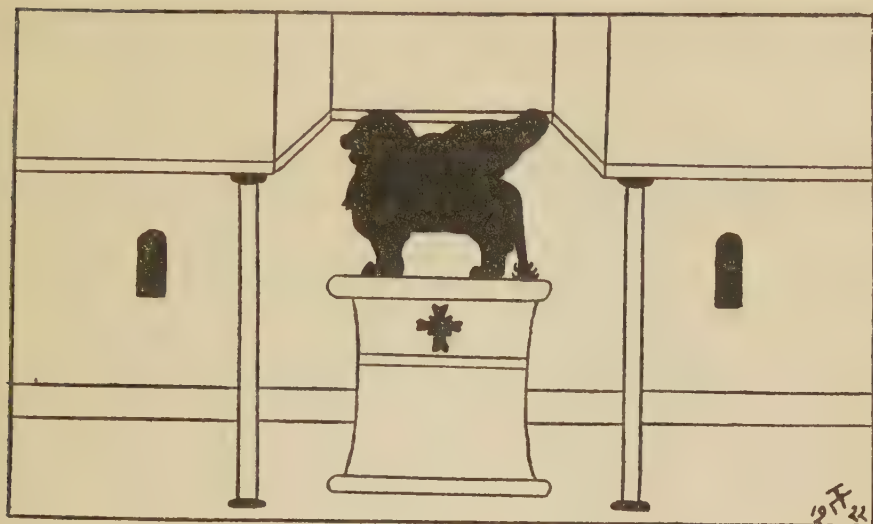
Two papers are used in the printing "The Players' Shakespeare." Just over a hundred copies of each Play are printed on unbleached hand-made paper of the same quality that Messrs. Batchelor, of Little Chart, in Kent, made for the Kelmscott and Doves Presses. These sheets require wetting before being printed. The larger part of the edition is printed on a pure rag machine-made paper.

The printing of the line illustrations has proved one of the most interesting of the many problems that have arisen in the production of the Plays. I hope to be able to write about them later, also about the plates in colour, of which there are five by Mr. Lowinsky in *The Merchant of Venice* and twelve by Mr. Charles Ricketts, A.R.A., in *Macbeth*, have been printed in collotype by Messrs. Whittingham & Griggs of Peckham.

The text is that of the First Folio without any emendations. Even obvious misprints are left untouched.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE



Actus primus

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of mee
That I have much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,

CHRONICLES

MUSIC

PUBLICATIONS

A FEW of the more useful piano pieces and songs, out of a large bundle that has accumulated, are here noted; the publishers' names are given in a footnote.*

PIANO

THREE agreeable little pieces by F. Bridge [A], *The Prince*, *Heart's Ease* and *Dainty Rogue*, are on the same plan—a slight topic lightly handled, the kind of musical small-talk that would be useful to keep a tiresome or inquisitive person at bay. J. Ireland in *On a birthday morning* [A] writes very much like himself, rather hard, ruthless music, fitting a square tune into round harmonies in mortal fear of the commonplace; but it has bite. De Falla's *Fantasia Bortica* [Ch] is carried along by that bustling and everchanging rhythm which more than one composer has associated with the Guadalquivir; the metrical figures, the jiggling chords and the leaping basses come from the guitar, the well-balanced lengths of phrase are his own. A piece called *D'un Cahier d'Esquisses* [Ch] leaves Debussy's reputation where it was. Poulenc's *Impromptus* [Ch] (Bk. I, six pieces) are interesting, but chiefly as experiments. They are cut, almost mathematically, into lengths, which frequently coincide with the bar-line, with a few naive attempts to get away from the monotonous rhythm this induces; No. 5 is melodious. Malipiero's *Cimarosiana* [Ch] is a delightful skit, and one is grateful to it for sending one back to the *Matrimonio Segreto* to enjoy at first hand all those tonic-dominant *tuttis*, those flaccid tunes entrusted—that is the word—to the orchestra in octaves, those irrelevant three- and six-bar phrases, those appoggiaturas with the wrong note harmonised, those climaxes so careful not to be too violent, which built the opera of the French Revolution and for which Wilfred Holmes lived for one moment in George Moore's story. A. Casella's *Pagine di Guerra* [Ch] give a true picture; the war was as horrible and ugly as that—the cold clank of the linchpins of the German artillery, the throbbing screws of Italian ironclads, the magnitude of the desecration of Rheims (which ends with an E major chord involving all the twelve chromatic notes at once). The passion for the unconventional in K. Sohrabji's *Two piano pieces* [L] seems to grow into a convention before they are done. I sit and stare at them and wonder what they sound like; perhaps I shall hear Mr. Sohrabji play them one day, and then they will suddenly come together and make sense. Of all the things that are written for grown-ups and dedicated to children Stravinsky's *Les cinq doigts* is surely the least attractive. It can hardly be a satire, because no one satirises children—only their teachers, and even them not for doing their duty, but for failing in it—and as a mere *tour de force* it is not ugly enough to be worth doing—only pointless enough to make one feel rather surprised at having wasted time over it. Perhaps that was the point. William Baines's *Three concert studies* [El] would, we imagine, sound really beautiful if well played, especially *The Naiad* and *Exaltation*. Both melody

* The abbreviations used are those letters which are enclosed in brackets: [A]ugener, [Ch]ester, [Cu]rwen, [El]kin, [En]och, [L]ondon and Continental Press, [N]ovello, [O]xford University Press, [S]tainer and Bell, [W]inthrop Rogers.

and harmony are original, and the whole is well poised, and laid out with a sure hand. Of two other pieces, *The lone wreck* and *Goodnight to Flamboro'*, the latter is more individual—sonorous six-fours on a figured pedal-point.

SONGS

CYRIL SCOTT, *British Songs* [El]. I played *All through the night* over to one who was no critic, and he said: "Well, it's a nice tune in itself, but why does he put it all wrong?" This would hardly be worth recording, but for the frequent claim of composers to be judged not by the critic but by the layman. That claim is not wholly consistent with their equally frequent demand for "constructive" criticism, which the layman is unlikely to be able to supply. One solution would be to say nothing about such songs, but then fewer people would know of their existence. Altogether it is a puzzling world. R. Quilter's *Two songs* [El] are of the type we know and like; *Over the land in April* looks the more satisfying of the two. A. Benjamin's *Hey nonny no* [Cu] has the right sort of reckless swing about it. Of Peter Warlock's three imitations of the antique we put the (dorian) *Bachelor* [A] first and the (rhythmical) *Piggésnie* second. Three songs of Moussorgsky and two others [Ch] are said by the publishers to be the first in which a Russian text has been produced in this country. We all wish we could sing Russian, and failing that we wish they had managed to secure in all cases, as they have in some, translations that set the singer at his ease. There is a crying need for good translations of Bach's two hundred odd cantatas. In *Solos from the sacred cantatas of Bach* [N] an opportunity has been missed. Might we not in this case dispense with rhyme and have the plain Bible words? The present fact is that good translation—and none other need be considered—is a thankless task for translator, singer and publisher; and this will not change until audiences rise in revolt against songs they do not understand. That is one of the contributions that democracy might make to music.

In H. Howell's *Rhapsodic Quintet* [S] for clarinet and strings the interest is contrapuntal and centres round two main themes, an upward and a downward, and their gradual metamorphoses. The last page has a graceful little allusion to his friend's *London Symphony*; it reminds one of the valentine sent by Alcæus to Sappho, which began in his metre and ended in hers. There is a middle passage of Elizabethan cross accents, which gives a reason for mentioning a string quintet here among the songs; one would like to hear this, and be satisfied that it sounds as agreeably puzzling as it looks ingenious.

The subject of Elizabethan rhythms is vast. What the composers meant to express is generally, not always, clear; but that is extraordinarily difficult to set down in any consistent notation. They were much nearer the poets than ours are after centuries of independent action, and poets do not attempt any notation of cross-rhythms. Neither did the Elizabethan composers, though we must; unless indeed we were to go back to their practice of using separate part books which recorded long and short notes and left the accent to be decided by the words. The problem of the Ayres (solo songs) was fully and clearly discussed in the *Sunday Times* for March 18th, 25th and April 1st, and the palm given, where it is due, to Dr. Fellowes's Edition [W]. There is the rigid arrangement of the Musical Antiquarian Society, where every bar is identical with the next and the word rhythms fit it as Procrustes's victims fitted his bed. P. Warlock and P. Wilson have done the same thing more artistically in *English Ayres* [En]. For choral works there is the system adopted by Leichen-tritt for Monteverde, and for the Elizabethans by Sidney Grew in his *Polyphonic Edition* [Cu] in which each voice has a bar-line (accentual) which is independent of its

neighbours, and another bar-line (scansional) occurs at irregular intervals where all the voices come together. The advantages are that each individual voice is helped to the true verbal accent, and that the bar-lines follow the practice in Elizabethan scores ; the disadvantage, that it makes a confusing page for the singer who, nowadays, cannot help knowing and guiding himself by what he sees his neighbours are doing. The third plan is Dr. Fellowes's compromise in his various editions [O, S, W]. He has a barring which is not rigidly adhered to throughout, but which is uniform for all the voices at any given moment. That gets over the difficulty of the confused page. But the verbal accent often crosses this barring ; and then, in a simple case he leaves it to the reader's intelligence, in a complicated case he adds subsidiary marks equivalent to italics. This seems to be the best solution of a difficulty which arises only because we cannot, after all these centuries, go back to the unbarred Elizabethan partbooks unless we erect Elizabethan music into a special study, which would at once confine it to the few.

PERFORMANCES

IN this connection one would like to say something about the English Singers. Their imagination goes near to being vision. In their own persons they revive the old argument about choir and congregation—congregational singing spreads the gospel of music furthest, choir singing keeps it purest. They are a sensitive choir, each fully conscious of what his neighbour is doing, and shaping his own conduct by it. They are intent on the music and don't care "that" about "effects." Whether it is *Draw on, sweet night* or the quartet of Verdi's *Requiem* or a catch of Purcell's they extract the music as a bee sips honey. They demand six chairs and a table—Shakespeare asked no more—on which they put a bunch of flowers, because music is an opening flower and not a calculated task, and because flowers were there, perhaps, when the partbooks were handed round to sing before the Queen at Kenilworth. They have gone now to Berlin and Prague and elsewhere, because politics is only social life writ large, and the best way to end misunderstanding often is to go and call on the misunderstander. They have their quite nameable defects, but as a body they are the most musical thing in music here and now.

Other musical things—quite different, the frontispiece of the programme tells you so—were the Goossens concerts. They said, Don't let's stagnate ; and they said that most when Mr. Goossens himself was there. He is a live wire ; no less when he conducts the *Messiah* with indifference, than when he makes us believe against our will in Scriabin's *Extase* and Stravinsky's *Sacre*. Conducting is more life-giving than teaching, certainly, but, if he doesn't go into retreat before long, we shall never get that big work we are waiting for : wooden soldiers and jack o' lanterns are all very well, but we want a *Violin Concerto in D major* or haply a *Seventh Symphony* out of him before he has done.

Quite different, again, is Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, who appears from nowhere at intervals, with his whole *Campana supellex*. He plays, more with his heart than his hands : he talks, snubbing his audience and laughing at himself. Somehow the result is music, and music put in the sort of way in which the most indifferent will receive it. He is amateur and professional, offering us at the same moment humbug and sound sense. He will perhaps break down, not as a pose, but because he, or they, couldn't help it, and we straightway forget the professional in the amateur. Then he will play a tune as if he meant it, and this amateur has suddenly said something to us that no professional ever did.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

THE FINE ARTS

SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOL. BY AUGUSTUS JOHN.

AT the exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mr. Augustus John held by Chenils at the Alpine Gallery there is a large composition which has been the object of a good deal of discussion and difference of opinion. It is pleasant, after having criticised adversely Mr. John's recent work, to find oneself an ardent admirer of one of his most ambitious efforts. The title *Symphonie Espagnol* is not inappropriate. Hostile critics would have it altered to *Pastiche Espagnol*. This touches the centre of the problem. Mr. John has deliberately played a variation on a traditional theme cast in a traditional form and has introduced all kinds of reminiscences. The high-keyed colour of the picture, the sky and three of the most prominent figures are derived straight from El Greco ; nevertheless, the real theme, the fundamental spirit of the painting, is not that of El Greco, but rather of Monticelli with a flavour of French rococo art. Again, the nude in the foreground seems to be a reminiscence from Renoir's *Bathers*, but there is nothing of Renoir in the picture. The problem is whether Mr. John has simply put together rather a clumsy, laboured and distorted pastiche or whether he has fused all these reminiscences with his own peculiar and original phantasy. It should be borne in mind that the very strong reminiscence of El Greco need not introduce any problem relating to that artist because the borrowing may be altogether superficial. And indeed Mr. John has been almost ribald with El Greco, transforming his tragic ecstasy into a wild, libidinous gaiety. The fact of this transformation might lead to the conclusion that Mr. John was merely indulging in a piece of fun and concocting a parody. It is true that there is a touch of fun in the picture and that this is one of the traits which distinguishes it from anything of El Greco, who was never intentionally amusing or hilarious ; but it is not the fun of parody or comedy : it is pure light-heartedness.

Mr. John has produced in this picture one of the few large, decorative compositions of importance in recent English art ; yet it seems that many of those who have cried out for work of this kind look askance at a fine instance now they have got it, possibly because, although decorative, it is not deprived of all individuality of sentiment and reduced to the pulseless prettiness of the typical mural decoration of the academic schools. It is usually necessary to point out that contemporary painters are better at the straightforward portraits which they may profess to despise and the small landscapes to which they extend an indulgent affection than at the ambitious compositions to which they attach supreme importance. But with Mr. John the position is reversed. Rarely are his portraits more than capable and hasty improvisations done to order. Nor is that of Mme. Suggia really an exception, although it shows signs of unusual thought and care. Mr. John's artistic impulses are of a lyrical kind, and it is only where he is moved by some flitting and whimsical tenderness of sentiment, as in the portrait of *Fanny*, that his portraits become more than *tours de force*. Unless I am mistaken, the lyrical impulse which found expression in the small, earlier oil sketches has reawakened in the *Symphonie Espagnol* in a more developed and matured form. But the success of this development has only been rendered possible by the construction within a tradition. The enormous mural painting at the Tate Gallery attempts a complete innovation and lacks imaginative power. But the *Symphonie Espagnol* is cast in a traditional mould which disengages the artist's phantasy without imposing on it too exacting a task.

THE LONDON MERCURY PUBLICATIONS

CHINESE PAINTERS. By RAPHAEL PETRUCCI. Translated from the French by
FRANCES SEAVER. Brentano's, Ltd. 18s. 6d. net.

THIS is an excellent outline of Chinese painting. It is not merely a text-book which collates judiciously other people's statements ; it is written by a person who has a thorough grasp of his subject and is thinking about it at first hand ; it does not merely inculcate fact, but puts and solves a problem, and yet for this reason it enables us to digest the facts much more easily than the ordinary manual does, for the facts are clothed with intelligibility, the dynasties become more than a string of monosyllables and the names of the Chinese artists fit into a convincing historical survey. M. Petrucci's book cannot be said to compete with Mr. Binyon's illuminating study of the same art, but it complements this study in some respects and emphasises some of Mr. Binyon's own conclusions. One of the chief points upon which M. Petrucci properly insists is that Chinese art shows the same kind of historical movement through periods of vitality and academicism as European art, and that these periods correspond closely with similar changes in Chinese history. Chinese culture is not, as we are frequently led to suppose, wholly stationary, nor is Chinese painting the eternal contemplation of the same kind of calligraphic excellence. In fact, the emphasis on the calligraphic quality of painting, of which we have heard so much, was a comparatively late development, taking place at the end of the Sung dynasty, when an academy was founded, and in its extremer form it represented a stage of decadence.

Throughout its history Chinese painting has been closely associated with the prevailing religious and philosophical outlook. So, for that matter, is all art always ; but, owing perhaps partly to the foreign quality of the art, partly to the single-mindedness of the Chinese pictorial statement, the underlying philosophical basis seems to us to be monumentally clear. The earliest paintings were inspired by the Confucian and Taoist philosophies and were mystical and lyrical, depicting fairies and nymphs and idyllic scenes. In the fifth century Buddhism swept over China, bringing with it the Buddhist art of India and Turkestan. These mingled with the reflective lyricism of Chinese painting and flowered into the wonderful art of the Tang and Sung dynasties. M. Petrucci traces in an interesting manner the growth of the southern and northern schools, the failure of the Mongol invaders, who formed the Yuan dynasty, to understand the subtleties of the former and their appreciation of the cruder forms and colours of the latter and the reaction in the Ming period, which, however, was infected with academicism and had a rival in the new genre painting which was influential in the formation of the Japanese Ukiyoye, the school of the woodcuts illustrating themes of the passing hour. M. Petrucci's explanation of the Chinese method of attacking the problem of perspective, which is different from the European method, deserves careful study. Mr. Binyon states in his brief introduction that M. Petrucci, a Belgian national of Italian origin, who, although an enthusiastic and well-informed student of art, was primarily an engineer, died prematurely during the War.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS. By JAN GORDON. With 32 illustrations.
John Lane. £1 1s. net.

MR. GORDON disclaims at the outset any intention of giving an estimate of the artistic value of the work of the painters with whom he deals. He does so with almost a sneer at those persons who have the temerity to judge contemporary

art. But his only reason against such a procedure is that the judgment cannot hope to be infallible. He does not give any indication as to the exact age which a work of art must reach before it is ripe for infallible judgment or any kind of judgment, nor does he explain by what process he selected the artists whom he discusses.

Mr. Gordon's affected neutrality does not extend to theories, but the eclectic attitude which is at the bottom of the waiver of judgment also influences his theoretical explanations, which constitute the larger part of the volume. Mr. Gordon introduces in sequence most of the current æsthetic theories, many of which are in mutual conflict; but he neither points out the conflict nor provides a synthesis, and we emerge from reading the book with a slight feeling of distraction. For instance, the book opens with an explanation of the relativity of our vision of the external world, how this vision is coloured by our emotions and moods and how painters have assisted in developing our powers of vision. A distinction is then drawn between the old kind of painting which aimed at an "objective" (and therefore not relativist) study of Nature and, according to Mr. Gordon, terminated in Manet, and the "new" art which deserts nature and concentrates consciously on the subjective effect of Nature on our minds, imposing an arrangement of its own on nature. The final outcome of the new movement is the abstract art of the Cubists. But after explaining the theory of Cubism at some length and leading us to understand that the Cubist work—which is well illustrated with reproductions—is quite successful, Mr. Gordon concludes with the observation that Cubism is going out of fashion and that after all it may have set up an unattainable ideal. But if the ideal is unattainable this fact must be revealed in the pictures and must have been noticed by Mr. Gordon, and it would have been valuable to have had his comments.

BRIEF NOTES ON SOME EARLY DRAWINGS BY JOHN CONSTABLE.

By Sir CHARLES HOLMES, M.A., D.Litt. 21s. net.

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH WOODCUTS. By CAMPBELL DODGSON, C.B.E.

Duckworth. 42s. net.

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS. By H. REITLINGER. Constable. 36s. net.

SIR CHARLES HOLMES'S aim is to show the important part played by Gainsborough in Constable's early studies and also to emphasise the strenuous and systematic character of the self-training which alone enabled Constable to overcome his early clumsiness and ineptitude. He goes rather too far in imputing this slowness of growth almost exclusively to difficulties of execution. He implies that Constable saw from the first the beauty which is revealed in his mature studies, but could not transfer it to canvas. The matter is more complicated than that, and the slowness in development belongs to the conception as well as the execution. There are fine qualities in the drawings reproduced, and Sir Charles Holmes's notes are a model of lucidity and scholarship. Both Mr. Campbell Dodgson and Mr. Reitlinger claim a marked revival of interest in their particular subjects. Mr. Dodgson gives a brief and instructive survey of the whole history of woodcuts, but he is at the same time too non-committal and too kind about contemporaries, and his selection of contemporary woodcuts for reproduction is disappointing. Mr. Reitlinger's historical sketch, which contains many sound observations, is limited and shaped by the practical purpose of giving information to the collector of moderate means, and the reproductions are of drawings which would be available to such a collector.

HOWARD HANNAY

ARCHITECTURE

BUILDINGS IN THE KINGSWAY

KINGSWAY would have been a finer thoroughfare had it been made ten years later than it was. The earlier buildings are for the most part poor. Notable exceptions to this statement are No. 42, by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and the church of Holy Trinity by Messrs. Belcher & Joass, though the latter might by some be described as an example of architectural bluff, so different is the simple interior from what the street front suggests. A gradual improvement may be noticed in the later buildings which has in the end given us Africa House and the Bush Terminal block of offices.

To judge the street fairly one must recognise the restrictions set by the ground landlords and by convention. Portland stone fronts were compulsory. Custom has established that this material when used shall be a veneer to concrete-cased steel construction. Economy of space and ease of erection forbid that stone should take any of the greater loads. Permanent scene painting has become the rule. Although most thoughtful architects would willingly make their street fronts representative of the construction used within, both they and their employers were separately fearful of one another and, together mindful of a supposed public opinion, have not yet dared to attempt such a system of building.

Seen from the north, the Kingsway is like a straight ravine cut out of stone. The sides of the ravine seem here and there to indicate an ordered arrangement of light and shade; at the end is seen a fine archway suggestive of an entrance to princely halls. It is a pity that all the architects employed in the street could not have met in consultation to discuss its main lines and masses as a whole. The London County Council attempted to compel a unity of design, but that desire was almost immediately overruled by individual and commercial opposition. Had a definite base line somewhere at the level of the second floor been agreed on, had some considered sky line been accepted, the street would have been improved; each architect no doubt would have welcomed control, especially if, as suggested above, he had himself helped to organise it. Not many of the buildings "tell" individually when the street is viewed from either end. When seen in this way some even among the better examples add to the confusion of the whole.

In Victoria Street (though there it is, I think, an accident) a fine effect of perspective provides food for thought. Standing opposite the western towers of the Abbey, the first block of offices on the south side of the street is seen to give a sense of scale and proportion to the receding fronts. The architectural features of this building are all as bad as any that can be found in the Kingsway, yet the accident that the absurd balconies, or window sills of the first and third floors, support at each corner balls cut from Portland stone has lent dignity to the block. These balls have caught the rain, and after the manner of Portland stone gleam white in consequence. Their number seen in recession down the street make two definite horizontal lines that divide the façade into very pleasant proportions. I do not say that the same means of getting effect should be again adopted, nor do I say that these buildings show as great a knowledge and care in their design as any in the Kingsway, but I do say that something of value may be learned from this accidental result. At least this unexpected quality shows how important it is to perceive what makes the main features of a design, to emphasize them not only by their own carefully thought out form, but also by subordinating all other parts to the idea they embody.

Messrs. Trehearne & Norman, who are responsible for so many buildings in the Kingsway, seem to have learned this from their own work and to have developed the idea when they turned from one completed block to another site. The buildings this firm has designed at the southern end of the street may well have looked fine as drawn out on sheets of paper. There the skilful technique of drawing must have made the subtle play of surface planes an interesting study. It is possible that the thickening of some pencil lines or the shading in of some windows may have given the impression of a ruling idea in the design. The finished work is however disappointing ; the intention can be recognised, but the achievement of that intention is spoiled by too much prominence of, or too great a variety in, the subordinate parts.

Africa House deserves the highest praise. Under the restrictions set by landlord and custom, better work could not have been done. The plans of the building are well developed ; it is thought out in three dimensions ; the outlines are excellent ; the massing of the shadows into three window groups is satisfactory. The clever cutting back of the main corners of the building from about one-third their height to the top when seen diagonally prevents the feeling that the upper storeys lean forward over the pavement, a feeling which almost always is given by the higher façades of our streets. This unpleasant illusion is further corrected by the fact that the top storey is itself in fact set very considerably behind the face of the building below. I cannot end my appreciation of this work with these words, for I feel bound to notice the fine use made of the Doric columns at the ground floor stage. Here the difficult matter of arranging two floors in the height of a single order has been overcome without suggesting to the wayfarer any idea that a difficulty existed. Though the face of the window glazing divides these columns vertically for a part of their height, it does not interfere with their appearance as circular columns. The narrow band of stone which marks the front edge of the first floor appears as a desirable stay between the heavily loaded pillars. While we wonder at the skill of the architects of this building, it is desirable to remind ourselves that what faces the street is applied ornament, make-believe construction, artificial as the stage castle, though for cardboard, paste and canvas are substituted the permanent materials—stone and metal-framed glass.

Yet the unreality of the front of Africa House is truth beside that of the great triumphal arch which ends the street. What is one to say of this ? Would it have been possible to have filled the vista with a front which would at the same time have satisfied our sense of scale and have expressed honestly the mundane purposes of the building it screens. I can offer no suggestion how this could have been done. The architects, Messrs. Helmle & Corbett, evidently thought it impossible. They lied boldly, beautifully and successfully. That they liked lying, I doubt ; for the rest of the Bush Building honestly tells what it is.

Here, if anywhere, amongst our modern buildings, may the man in the street see what architects mean when they talk of designing in three dimensions, for, heaped up in receding cubes, this great mass of offices stands nobly, the dominating feature of the neighbourhood. The view of it from Westminster Bridge makes finer the already fine front of Somerset House. The new building appears to rise above the old, set precisely at the right distance from the horizontal stretch of Chambers' masterwork, as though that architect had always wished so to complete his group of buildings. I am told that this and other distant views of the Bush Building were considered and anticipated by Messrs. Helmle and Corbett when they planned these offices. I hope it may be so, for it is pleasant to think that men with such thorough methods are to-day practising the great art of architecture.

Many things about this building I would like to describe, but it is hard to do so clearly without the presence of both it and an audience. I must rest content with reference to two parts, the semi-dome and the columns below it. First, then, I would express my special admiration of the two great columns that support the marble beam so finely used as the symbol of friendship between all those nations which speak the English tongue. In themselves these columns are beautiful; their fluting, their neck moulds are satisfying, but most perfect, most free in design are the capitals they carry. The circular form of the bell of these capitals is not hidden, neither is it left naked. Two tiers of curled leaves clothe the springing from the top-most drum. Beneath the abacus, except for the firm clearly-cut volutes, the round plan of the bell shows all the natural beauty of that form. Only in the centre of the concave abacus does its crowning rim just master the face of that member. The abacus also takes the simplest form that custom expects in that position.

Second, I would specially notice the coffered semi-dome under the great arch which faces north up Kingsway. Seldom has any concave surface in a similar position been more skilfully decorated. The depth of the octagonal coffers appears exactly sufficient, and the enriched mouldings which carry the normal surface of the semi-dome back to the recessed planes of the coffers are wonderfully right. The mouldings are richly but not coarsely carved. The sunk planes of the coffers themselves are enriched with incised decoration.

There is much talk nowadays of designing in the American manner. It is said that the buildings in Kingsway are so conceived. Some conscious study of the high buildings of the cities of the United States there has no doubt been, but I think to call this work typical of America rather than of any other country is not true. When the conditions approximate, when the means at the disposal of the builders are alike, surely similarity is inevitable. Although a citizen from the great new nation made the plans for the Bush Building and supervised the execution of the work, I would claim the result for our generation rather than for any nation. Just as now all materials in this country have become "local" materials, owing to our means of transport, so is the modern manner of architecture becoming "local," by reason of the instantaneous interchange of ideas between nations.

PUBLICATION

ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL ART. By E. S. PRIOR. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

"ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL ART" will be of interest to all, whether they can tell a thirteenth century capital from one cut in other years or not. It does not deal in style: it rouses an interest in buildings because it describes so well the conditions, customs and civilisation of the period when they were made. While reading this book I wished that the masters who taught me history when I was at school had had such a volume before them. I would not suggest that every child should read it; enough if his master has its contents in mind, so that from them he might illustrate the changes that were taking place in the reigns of the many kings he reviews. The study of the history of architecture is too often undertaken as though it formed a separate subject from the history of a people. Here one cannot fail to realise that the story of a people cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of its architecture. The book is in no sense designed as a school book. It is primarily for the general reader, and to him I recommend it with confidence.

A. R. POWYS

FICTION

MEN LIKE GODS. By H. G. WELLS. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

THE LADYBIRD. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Secker. 7s. 6d.

THE BRIGHT SHAWL. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

SPEED THE PLOUGH. By MARY BUTTS. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.

THIS Utopian fable is the best story that Mr. Wells has given us for a long time. It is curious—to say the least of it—that a writer who has spent so much of his time and energy in protesting against the muddle of this world should have added to it by writing so many muddled books. There seems no reason why even efficiency should not begin at home. Fortunately, while this latest story shows us some of its author's characteristic weaknesses, it also shows us what can be achieved by his really great and unique qualities; in short, the two Mr. Wellses, the great and the little, are both present. This Utopian theme, of course, fires the imagination of the great Mr. Wells, fills him with a furious energy, so that he sits down not to fake and concoct but to *create*, and we have no choice but to believe what he tells us. The opening, the picture of the tired and disillusioned Mr. Barnstaple; the fine episode of Quarantine Crag; the last chapter, the Return of the Earthling; these, along with some other good things, are the work of the great Mr. Wells, the artist in spite of himself, and they are magnificent. But the little Mr. Wells, anxious to score cheap debating points, anxious to settle everything simply by showing it settled, must have his say too. He it is who here and there contrives to turn these children of Utopia, these serene demi-gods, into London University research students with their clothes off. He it is who fills the golden age with such speeches as this:

“Oh, hoary relic from the ancient past!” the young man replied. “Oh, fossil ignoramus from a barbaric universe! Don't you realise that there is no working class in Utopia? It died out fifteen hundred years or so ago. Wages-slavery, pimping and so forth are done with . . .”

It is a pity that both the manner and the matter of such talk were not also “done with”: they would be in any self-respecting Utopia. As for the useful though dangerous device of introducing prominent personages, with hardly any attempt at disguise, into this Utopia, for the purposes of contrast and comparison, debate and satire, no doubt the great Mr. Wells had a hand in this, for it does excellent service. But it is carried too far; and above the sound of the author's hymn to the human race, we hear the unmistakable noise of axe-grinding and stiletto sharpening. Thus, with reference to our author's attitude towards a certain Mush who is dragged into the narrative, it would not be unfair to say that any man who holds that there is something peculiarly contemptible in appreciating contemporary poetry and doing some disinterested work in its service is not yet fit to live in West Kensington, let alone Utopia. Nevertheless, the great Mr. Wells holds the field, and when he gives us a final glimpse of Mr. Barnstaple, once more at home, outwardly at ease but inwardly dazed by his holiday of the spirit, and we catch the last remark of bewildered Mrs. Barnstaple:

“You must take *me* there some day,” she said. “I can see that it has done you a world of good.”

We can only ask Mr. Wells to take us all there again some day, for it has done us all a world of good. It has probably done Mr. Wells himself a world of good too.

Mr. Lawrence's new book contains three long stories, *The Ladybird*, *The Fox*, and *The Captain's Doll*. The world they describe is still that world Mr. Lawrence has created for himself, a violent and unmanageable world, in which flowers burst like bombs and naked flesh hisses and steams—a world in rut. But the orbit of this world of his has crept a little nearer to that of our own planet. All three stories deal with the forces let loose in the relations between men and women, and in particular with the hammering, cumulative effect of masculine desire upon the feminine temperament; but they are not all of equal merit. The last, *The Captain's Doll*, is the best. All the figures in it—Captain Hepburn, his mistress, Hannele, her friend Mitchka, and even Mrs. Hepburn (who is disposed of a little too easily)—are sharply outlined and take hold of the imagination. And it says something for Mr. Lawrence's art that the Captain, whom we see through Hannele's eyes—"And the meaninglessness of him fascinated her and left her powerless. She could ascribe no meaning to him, none whatever . . ."—this Captain is made to grow, to dilate, until he overtops the mountains and sweeps Hannele along with him. The final scene in the mountains, when Hepburn declares against them for their "affectations and their uplift," is finely conceived, and above its force and passion is a glint of that humour which should never be long away from the world but which has often taken a long leave of Mr. Lawrence's. The title story, for all its cunning, is the least successful of the three, mainly because one of its principal figures, Count Psanek, refuses to do his duty, refuses to come to life. He remains a shadowy member of that great "Spasmodic" family of characters that have now invaded our fiction, the result of a union between a Russian hero and a Maeterlinck heroine, and all god-fathered by Strindberg; those who sit in the dark and now mutter "I wait. I want my anger to have room to grow" and now cry "In my soul is anger, anger, anger." And this air of unreality (*i.e.*, unreality in *any* world) that invests Count Psanek soon begins to rob the other two protagonists, Lady Daphne and Basil, of reality, until we begin to see nothing but a vain play of shadows. It looks as if Mr. Lawrence, instead of discovering his symbolism of the light and the dark implicated in the relation between his characters, had begun with some such idea in his head, in short, with a thesis, and had tried to create characters that would carry it into the upper air of actual personal relations. The very fact that he seems so anxious, in this story, to draw our conclusions for us, to point the finger at every turn, suggests that he was not, in the first place, carried away by the drama he had created.

Novelists, like other persons, cannot have their cake and eat it. But this is precisely what Mr. Hergesheimer has tried to do in writing his latest romance. Such a bright and brittle thing needed a setting, and he has given it a setting. Charles Abbott, an elderly man, is troubled by the attitude of his nephew, a typically disillusioned and cynical youth of the post-war period. Brooding over these strange young men, to whom romance means nothing, Abbott turns to his own romantic memories. The remainder of the book, apart from the last few pages, treats of these memories; we are told how Abbott, a young enthusiast, went to Cuba to fight for liberty and what happened to him there. All the usual elements of romance are present: the sworn friend and fellow-conspirator, the beautiful dancer who secretly aids the patriots, the domineering alien officers as heavy villains, the lovely spy in the pay of the Government; foils and daggers, dust and heat, strange wines and eternal friendships, masquerades and sudden death, stilettos and bright eyes, magnificent gestures in sunlight and moonlight; everything is there, swaggering and glittering, supremely conscious of itself. But rightly to be appreciated, this bright legend must be understood to flower out of a man's remembrance of things long

past ; in other words, it must not be taken simply by itself but must be referred to its setting ; the elderly man by the fire, escaping his troubled mood, must not be forgotten. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hergesheimer does not treat his Cuban romance as a memory at all ; he gives it to us as a straightforward narrative, probably in order that he may achieve the maximum dramatic effect and explain Charles as he goes along. By thus taking the line of least resistance and refusing to give his story that sort of third dimension which a story should have when it is seen through a memory and not described by an ideal spectator, he has bought his ease in the telling, his dramatic effects (good as they are), his colour and movement, very dearly. The reader, no matter how much he (or she) enjoys Abbott and La Clavel, the dancer, the fencing match at the school, the fight in La Clavel's room, and other good things, will feel cheated in the end just because Mr. Hergesheimer has never put him (or her) in the proper place, namely, in the cosy and painted interior of Abbott's mind, there to watch the bright images nod and smile and fade. If Mr. Conrad had had this story to tell, it would have been at least twice as long as it is ; we should have been dragged on to all manner of hotel verandahs in order to pick up the threads of it ; but the technical problem would have been fairly met and overcome, and the resulting book would have been infinitely better, something in three dimensions and not a piece of flat decoration. The truth is, Mr. Hergesheimer is so obviously brimful of talent that we are quite surprised when he makes a mistake, even though it is the kind of mistake we never think about in connection with lesser novelists whose art is so rudimentary that it is not worth discussing. As it is, his *Bright Shawl* will not disgrace that " fine drawing-room at Mont Clare " whose owners are honoured by the dedication.

Miss Butts's *Speed the Plough*, a first volume of short stories, is interesting because it shows just what the new impressionistic method of presentation can and cannot do. The title story appeared in an anthology of such things, and attracted so much attention that a whole volume was demanded. The result is disappointing because the new stories are nothing like so good as the first one. Nor is it difficult to understand why the level of *Speed the Plough* is not maintained. It treats of a soldier sent home from the front, war-worn and battered, a bundle of nerves, entirely abnormal ; he is a creature of the town and all the sensations and images (he is made up of nothing else) that assail him cluster round the lovely fabrics that women wear, Kirchner girls, the music-halls, and so on. He is sent into the country, but passes all his time in a vague dream of Piccadilly Circus, and at the end we discover him back again in town, himself again in the shop—" on his knees, vertical in black cloth, and grey trousers, and exquisite bow tie. A roll of Lyons brocade, silver and peach, was pliant between his fingers as the teats of a cow." It is a good story, or sketch, chiefly because its manner exactly expresses its matter, a sick man's dreams. But in the remaining stories Miss Butts still deals exclusively with the vague impressions that float somewhere at the back of the mind, and the result is disastrous. You cannot handle several people at once in this manner, cannot blend it with the objective method of telling a story. The creatures she shows are mere bundles of loose sensations ; they have no will and no intellect ; they are like dreadful obscene infants ; and we refuse to take an interest in them. There is one story (the longest) called *In Bayswater* that might just as well have been called *In Hell*. All this is a great pity, because Miss Butts has considerable ability, but she must consider her method a little more carefully, for the impressionistic manner is like dynamite, in that it is always supremely effective one way or the other. And a little careless handling will inevitably result in the other.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICISM

TENNYSON : ASPECTS OF HIS LIFE, CHARACTER AND POETRY.

By HAROLD NICOLSON. Constable. 12s. 6d.

TENNYSON : A MODERN PORTRAIT. By H. I'A. FAUSSET. Selwyn & Blount. 12s. 6d.

ROBERT BROWNING : THE POET AND THE MAN, 1833-1846. By FRANCES M. SIM. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

CONTINENTAL STAGECRAFT. By KENNETH MACGOWAN and ROBERT EDMOND JONES. Benn. 25s.

AT HALF-PAST EIGHT. By JAMES AGATE. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THOMAS HARDY. By JOSEPH WARREN BEACH. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE FRENCH ROMANTIC DRAMA. By F. W. DRAPER. Constable. 15s.

FROM MONTAIGNE TO MOLIÈRE. By ARTHUR TILLEY. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

MR. NICOLSON and Mr. Fausset appear in competition with their re-interpretations of the life and work of Tennyson. Miss Sim, with her book on Browning, has the field lamentably to herself. Lamentably—because it is highly desirable that some competent person should undertake a new study of Browning's life and work, and because it is clear that Miss Sim is not the person to do it. She takes a section out of his life, beginning with the publication of *Pauline* in 1833 and ending with his marriage in 1846. Between these two dates she recounts briefly his career, adding nothing we did not know already (she frequently quotes from Mrs. Sutherland Orr) and analyses his poems with no particular originality. One of her peculiarities is an inability to arrange the lines of her quotations correctly or even to get the words always right. Thus, she gives two lines from a famous poem in this form :

Say, whoso turns to God as I, this morning turn to God to praise and pray
While Jove's planet rises yonder silent over Africa.

Her book also contains a very unconvincing theory that Browning was the real author of *Nearer, my God, to Thee* and a diatribe against Mr. Chesterton, of whom she says : " That Mr. Chesterton did not play the game either by his editors or the public in his portraiture of Browning is uneasily felt in certain quarters." As if one were talking of a suspicion that the Archbishop of Canterbury was not quite sound on Infant Baptism ! And, among several misprints, there is one that is startling. At least I take " Weltz-Schmart " to be a misprint ; but, of course, it may be Dutch.

The two books by Mr. Nicolson and Mr. Fausset are serious works of criticism ; and the unfortunate circumstance of their both having been published at the same time is made acuter by the fact that both have obviously been influenced by Mr. Lytton Strachey. Mr. Nicolson, however, has drunk, if not deeper, at any rate with greater benefit, of the waters of that astringent spring. In him, one feels, this is hardly an imitation, but a natural assumption of the manner best suited to what he had to say and to his capacity for saying it. In Mr. Fausset it is little more than a surface imitation, his natural bent being, I fancy, towards a sort of lecture-room magniloquence and soundness. The imitation is most flagrant in the last scene

where, suddenly remembering how Mr. Strachey ended his life of Queen Victoria, Mr. Fausset hastens to despatch the Queen's Laureate in the same manner. The irony which he uses spasmodically and mechanically is used by Mr. Nicolson with caution and fitness. Mr. Nicolson will not take the Apostles quite seriously, he will not take even Arthur Hallam quite seriously :

Backed by his Eton reputation, this chubby, red-faced, blue-eyed, voluble young man, with the bumpy forehead and the protruding underlip, had become at once the hero of his College. In a "tumult of acclaim" they lauded his genius and his Italian accent, his wit and his gentleness, his oratory and his theological opinions. They predicted a rich and meteoric future; they were not quite sure what that future was to be, certain only that it would be rich and meteoric. Some said he was to be the poet of the age. Tennyson himself did not agree with this forecast; for him Hallam was to be the supreme statesman of the nineteenth century: "the life in civic action warm," "the potent voice of Parliament." With this conception it was Gladstone who disagreed: for him it was as a writer on theological and religious subjects that Hallam would fulfil his destiny. But on the main point—on the point of eventual and blazing success—their agreement was remarkable.

But, and it is a great and a necessary virtue in this style of writing, Mr. Nicolson knows how and when to be serious and fair. His disengagement of the two strains in the "black-blooded" Tennyson, the wild melancholy and the shy impressionableness which made him so much "the poet of his age," is a delicate and admirable piece of work. So, too, is the chapter analysing Tennyson's ideas on love, politics and religion. On the purely literary side he is distinctly scanty. He gives only one chapter specifically to Tennyson as a writer: he says little of *In Memoriam* or *Maud*; and he excuses himself from saying what he really thinks about *The Idylls of the King* on the ground, apparently, that no one would believe it if he did. But often, where he does analyse, he shows himself to be a remarkably delicate and sensitive critic of detail. Here Mr. Fausset, in a longer book, is a good deal more copious, though a good deal less original. He covers the whole ground and provides a sound introduction to the subject.

One is tempted to use a Biblical phrase about Messrs. Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones, who in 1922 left their native New York and spent ten weeks visiting the theatres of France, Sweden, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia and Austria. But Herr Reinhardt and Herr Jessner and M. Jacques Copeau are not, after all, strange gods in America as they are in England. Of England, our authors say that "observation and reliable report showed little there that was not a faint echo of what was to be found on the Continent." It is true; and I wish I could argue at least that this is because English theatrical managers have looked on Continental stagecraft and have seen that it is unsuitable to the stage. This, however, is not true; and, with whatever distrust one regards the elaborate stage machinery and the bizarre stage constructions of Continental theatres, it is impossible not to wish that our managers would run the risk of falling into fantastic and dangerous errors instead of continuing to lie in their present state of stagnation. Recently we have seen the gallant Mr. Basil Dean marshalling the elements as a platoon-commander directs the evolutions of his men. But the Schwabe-Hasait system of lighting is, one gathers from Messrs. Macgowan and Jones, something like a commonplace in Germany; and anyway, so far as I can see, theatrical opinion in this country has not yet gathered that movable clouds are not the essential part of it.

Such a book as this, then, is valuable because it exhibits some kind of movement in contrast to our own unreasoned immobility. And it exhibits things which are

interesting in themselves even if they are leading the theatre into a cul-de-sac. Mr. Macgowan devotes not very much space to the actor and precious little to the play. Of course, it was not his intention to lay stress on either actor or play ; but the proportion he gives does fairly accurately represent the tendency of the Continental theatre. But does not the word " stagecraft " include both writing for the stage and acting on the stage ? Lighting, of which Mr. Macgowan has hopes, machinery, which he delights to see disappearing into the twilight, lurid settings and symbolical shadows—all these things seem to be putting fetters on the actor and driving out of existence any author who does not adopt the purely visual point of view of a producer. But when one is tempted to use Biblical phrases about Messrs. Macgowan and Jones, one reflects that it is better to go a-whoring after strange gods than to sit at home in a state of gross and blind atheism. And, it must be added, Mr. Macgowan writes with fairness and enthusiasm about theatres in which the material side of production is reduced to a minimum.

Mr. Agate writes a good deal about acting. He would, one surmises, have preferred to live in the great days round about 1820 when critics were expected, and were able, to perpetuate the performances of great players with more vividness and more fidelity than either gramophone or cinematograph can ever attain to. Not that Mr. Agate despises the cinematograph. He does not ; and he writes two essays on it here, saying that it is " a medium devoid, or almost devoid, of art in actual practice, but one capable of immense artistic development." He is an acute and generally a fair critic, though sometimes, I fancy, his judgment is a little deflected by some phrase which has irresistibly suggested itself—which means at any rate that he is nearly always a witty critic. And he does not quote so often or so annoyingly as he used to, though he writes an unconvincing page in defence of his old practice : it is to the good that he seems not to have convinced himself. But he is at his best in the description of acting, when he speaks of " Mr. Russell Thorndike's lugubrious snarl—the accents of George Formby turned First Witch."

Mr. J. W. Beach discusses the structure of the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy with great thoroughness. He is not an academic critic of the exclusive type. He says that for the novel " there are many excellent methods : I am as well pleased with that of Dorothy Richardson or Waldo Frank as with that of Edith Wharton ; and I find the diverse methods of H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy as well adapted to their respective aims as the diverse methods of Jane Austen and Walter Scott." But he is, if I may use the expression, a whale for classification, and he classifies the Wessex Novels very vigorously. Thus *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* stands for " Pity " and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is a " Movie." No fewer than six works, from *The Hand of Ethelberta* to *The Well-Beloved*, are grouped under the ominous heading " Relapse." But studies of technique, if they are not to be negative and deadening, must be conducted by critics with more delicate perceptions, more elastic minds and better ways of writing than Mr. Beach seems to possess. Mr. Percy Lubbock performed something like a miracle : Mr. Beach has not equalled him.

The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama, a stout, closely printed volume of three hundred pages, is what is usually called a " repository of facts." The subject is not very attractive : the sub-title " With Special Reference to the Influence of Shakespeare, Scott and Byron " seems to promise a forbidding repast of pedantry. But Mr. Draper handles his mass of facts with unusual lucidity and writes amusingly.

This is the second revised edition of Mr. Tilley's succinct and readable book.

EDWARD SHANKS

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

SANDERSON OF OUNDLE : A MEMORIAL. Chatto. 12s. 6d.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, 1861-1920. By E. M. TENISON. Macmillan. 15s.

AN AMBASSADOR'S MEMOIRS. By MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE. Vol. I. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE MASTER OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By OLGA RACSTER. Hutchinson. 21s.

A SINGER'S PILGRIMAGE. By BLANCHE MARCHESI. Richards. 18s.

WIDE SEAS AND MANY LANDS. By ARTHUR MASON. Cape. 7s. 6d.

FAMOUS POISON TRIALS. By HAROLD EATON. Collins. 7s. 6d.

FREDERICK WILLIAM SANDERSON, to whom this Memorial has been dedicated by several of his friends and helpers, was a remarkable man, headmaster of Oundle School for thirty years. Last year he died at the conclusion of a lecture upon his educational theory and practice at University College, painlessly and almost in a moment. Science, pure and applied, had been the bent of his genius, first at Durham and afterwards at Cambridge, where he had been 11th Wrangler in his year. At the time of his appointment to Oundle in 1892 he was Senior Physics Master at Dulwich, where, it is said, "he made his first ventures in the educational use of practical science"—ventures which were to take him far beyond the scope of engineering. His predecessor at Oundle, a quiet clergyman with classical leanings, had not improved the standing or prospects of the school. Sanderson had the reputation of a revolutionary, and such he approved himself. Enormous difficulty beset him at the start : he was a layman in a place of clerical tradition, a modernist on a classical foundation, a man with ideas of his own, and a good fighter. When he was appointed the school was below the 100-mark ; when he died it was over the 500. Building and equipment kept pace with numbers. Engineering shops, hostel-houses, a preparatory house, a great hall, a library, a chapel : all that was added under his administration. But that was the smallest part of what he did before he left Oundle. Taking up one by one the lines of tradition and use, he broke with one after another. To take the cane, for instance, as an example, his first innovation was to chastise in "a white heat of passion" ; but his last was to eliminate punishment altogether from his discipline. Beginning with what he found in being, the form-system, he ended with what he called the "group-system," whereby for certain definite lines of enquiry boys were chosen out to conduct them, not according to status or general ability, but according to their peculiar fitness for the work on hand. It is said that the conception came to him from the workshops, where, for purposes of construction, the parts to be made were distributed among the boys best able to turn them out. They were then "assembled" by another group. Every maker of a part, therefore, was upon his mettle to contribute to successful "assembly." During the War, of course, the Oundle workshops were devoted to real munition-making ; but from the beginning Sanderson had taken care that only "real" things were made there. The agricultural work, similarly, was practical, productive and remunerative. From his attention to those two branches of applied science Sanderson evolved his educational theory, which may be put shortly as Enquiry rather than Instruction. The school attacked, on those lines, chemistry and physics, history, sociology, economics,

pure mathematics and, I think, literature. Boys, he said, like to do things, not to see others do them. Instead of listening to history, let them see it for themselves :

We began to replace the old class-room teaching and learning by a *laboratory for history*, full of other books and other things required in abundance, so that boys in all parts of the school could, for some specific purpose (not to learn : to go into school to learn was egotistical), find out the things we required for to-day. We set them to find out things for the service of science, the service of literature, modern languages, music.

This, he says, " began to change the whole organisation of the school, its aims and methods." No doubt. Then comes his corollary :

The passing of competition leads on to another thing passing away, which is this : you soon find that a body of workers that, as a community, has attempted to provide for itself, as a community adapts itself to the community spirit, and punishment is totally unnecessary.

The community-mind, he suggests, will provide its own correction. *Esprit de corps* has reflex as well as direct action. All that seems exceedingly sound, though it is not easy at once to see how such dull but essential studies as that of the rudiments can be made the subject of experiment. It is unfortunately true that the things which you must learn first of all are the things which you would learn to greater profit last of all : Grammar, syntax, etymology. History again can hardly be learned without geography, or geography without geology. At which link of the chain are you to begin ? And how are you to " find things out " in such studies without experiment ? And how, in the absence of experiment, are you to be taught but pragmatically ?

The book will be read by those best able to judge it ; but I must allow myself the satisfaction of quoting a few of Sanderson's *obiter dicta* :

Schools should be copies in miniature of the world as we would love it to be. . .

Strictly speaking, the dull boy does not exist.

The school should be a place where a boy comes not to learn but to create. . . .

Schools must be closely linked with community life, and boys must be sent out from school in sympathy with, and well equipped for, the work they have to do. Adult life should not be a breaking away from school, but a continuation and development of school.

On the life of the world, "after school :

The natural instinct of the worker is to grow, to progress, and to create ; it is this instinct which causes him to rebel against the dullness of monotonous work. Shorter hours and higher wages provide no real cure to the discontent of the worker ; nothing but a sense of service will do that.

More generally :

All art tends to become self-absorbed and decadent : the more finished and perfect it becomes, the nearer it is to death. Therefore beware of eloquence.

All translations are poor.

A remarkable man, I repeat. The upshot of his revolution in Oundle will be worth watching. One would say that, as Ridley hoped, he had " lit a candle in England," did one not know that the climate does not favour candles.

It is not very long since there was reviewed on this page a tributary volume dedicated to the memory of Louise Imogen Guiney by her friend Miss Alice Brown, a graceful and eloquent little book. Here is another, no less graceful, no less eloquent,

but rather too long, by Mr. or Mrs. E. M. Tenison. Louise Guiney's personality was the greater part of her work ; the work itself greater in intention than performance. Her Essays, indeed, full of idiosyncrasy, were charming, and as fragrant as a field of bean-flowers. They were instinct with the love of beautiful things, among other such things, of this country as it used to be a few years ago. The best of her verse was of the same quality, enthusiastic, wayward, sometimes very effective, recalling that of Mary Coleridge ; at other times too dramatic for the occasion ; and at others melodramatic. She wanted sureness of touch, balance, and control ; but she let it pour from her as from a vein. She thought of herself quite otherwise than she was ; she thought that she had a "tight, infertile, law-and-order muse." Those were the last things her muse was.

She came of English and Irish descent, was the daughter of a Brigadier-General in the North American army, a North Irish Catholic with rebel traditions, and was born in the stormy middle of the last century. We are not told much of her mother or of her early training, do not know how soon she fell in with books. She began to write early, both verse and prose ; wrote too much, and too easily, corrected too little. Traces of Tennyson and Longfellow there are—dangerous models for a facile pen ; but she went on to better, discovered the Elizabethan and Caroline poets ; and presently, when she explored the virtues of the Essay, and turned her keen sensibility to criticism, she did her best. Enthusiasm has made Mrs. Tenison's book *ondoyant et divers* ; it is difficult to trace out the stages of her heroine's progress and reach her final excellence. From 1889 to 1891 she was in England, at any rate, much at Oxford, and in 1894 was published *A Little English Gallery*, the first-fruits of her sojourn here. This book contains some delightful writing :

Consider the mannerly vertical showers. . . . They whisk not, neither howl, nor pounce upon you at an angle and make you wish they had never been born ; but they fall sudden and silent little unbidden tears, while you look forth from the wild purple coast of Ireland at the slant and tawny fishing sails, or lean against the wall of a ruined abbey in the fold of the Mendip Hills. . . . You reach, before long, to a full comprehension of what good Bishop Jeremy Taylor had before him when he drew his simile of "a soft slap of affectionate rain." It is the rain of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts and Hanoverians—the immemorial law-giver and the oldest inhabitant of the isles. Wheresoever it descends, there are perpetual freshness and peace.

That, surely, is in the right, whimsical English tradition of essay-writing, and the book which contains it, or "Patrins," its successor, did not escape the appraising eye of Andrew Lang. After that pair she settled down to biography, worked at Henry Vaughan the Silurist, at James Clarence Mangan, at Edmund Campion the Jesuit, and finally at "The Recusant Poets," a work, it seems, not yet published. In her researches for it she discovered (and for me rediscovered) the beautiful Lament for Walsingham, which I met with long ago and have hunted ever since.

MAURICE HEWLETT

ANTHROPOLOGY

THE GOLDEN BOUGH : A Study in Magic and Religion. Abridged edition.
By Sir J. G. FRAZER. Macmillan. 18s.

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AND THE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD.
Volume II. By Sir J. G. FRAZER. Macmillan. 18s.

ARGONAUTS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC. By B. MALINOWSKI.
Routledge. 21s.

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF FORMOSA. By JANET B. M. MCGOVERN.
T. Fisher Unwin. 15s.

THE SEA GYPSIES OF MALAYA. By W. G. WHITE. Seeley, Service, & Co.
21s.

IF it takes a hero to write a scientific treatise in twelve volumes, it takes another sort of hero to read it. Wherefore Sir James Frazer has deserved well of frail humanity in having consented to turn his bough into a twig, while at the same time doing his best to preserve the sterling quality of its metal. Of course those of us who have any claim to belong to the anthropological profession will cherish and consult the twelfefold third edition as before. How otherwise are the copious citations of fact and, above all, the references to be enjoyed—and repeated in our next work ? A page-by-page comparison of the reduced with the full text makes it clear that nothing essential has been omitted ; though, since a considerable amount of the illustrative matter had to be suppressed, one is sometimes left wondering why this telling example should be retained rather than that. As for doctrine, the author throughout sticks to his guns. The latest results from the field, he avers in a short Preface, confirm him in his old opinions. Certain it is that king-slaying as a method of perpetuating the virtue and divinity inherent in kingship has recently been proved to be widely prevalent in Africa ; so that what may be regarded as the central thesis of *The Golden Bough* holds good in spite of the protestations of the civilised conscience. The whole book, indeed, amply testifies to the fact that human experience is experiment—that right comes about by the survival of the least wrong.

Meanwhile Sir James Frazer is indefatigable, and, though busy reducing here, enlarges there. A fresh instalment of his treatise on the belief in immortality now sees the light. Previously Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, New Guinea, and Melanesia supplied the evidence. The present volume is devoted to Polynesia. Micronesians and Indonesians, we are told, will next be dealt with, and it is interesting to conjecture how many tomes will be needed to complete a world-survey planned on such a scale. Modern method favours a less wholesale way of viewing primitive culture than appealed to the pioneers of anthropology in their zeal for what may be termed an omnibus theory of human evolution. Here, then, Sir James Frazer goes to the opposite extreme in his desire to do full justice to the principle of ethnic diversity. Not only do the Polynesians enjoy treatment apart, but seven groups of them are examined one by one so that their distinctive beliefs and practices in regard to the dead shall not be blurred by exclusive insistence on the common elements. Sir James Frazer himself allows that a certain sameness and repetition is involved by this procedure, but trusts that these advantages will be “ more than outweighed ” by the greater accuracy and fullness of detail thus rendered possible. It may be so ; but at least one would have welcomed a final chapter in which the greatest common measure

of these decidedly homogeneous creeds and ceremonies was worked out. The lump of particulars needs the leaven of the universal to make it digestible. For the rest, Sir James Frazer, whether unconsciously or of clear conviction, makes Polynesian animism the clue to the whole religious life, including the characteristic institution of *tabu*. Some of us would not follow him here, not even if he could prove that the natives themselves have devised an animistic explanation of the pollution which the violation of *tabu* entails. In regard to ultimate origins and motives the local anthropological society is as likely to be wrong as any other scientific body.

Dr. Malinowski's study of the Trobriand Islanders and their extraordinary voyages has already been noticed in another context; but it behoves a brother anthropologist to congratulate him on so masterly a demonstration of the fruitfulness of strict method in ethnography. The number of documents on which the student can confidently rely, as contrasted with the bewildering infinity of travellers' tales, is indeed slender. Here, then, at any rate, is something altogether sound as science, while, as literature, it is likewise eminently readable and full of charm. As for the *Kula* transaction, which it is the main object of these oceanic Jasons to carry on in the archipelagoes adjacent to Eastern New Guinea, the reported facts are so complex, and their import so paradoxical, that the student must be excused if at first he feels somewhat lost in this new world, to which apparently the principles of that dreary science, political economy, are entirely unknown. Imagine the spiritual welfare of the British Empire to depend on the constant circulation of top-hats and umbrellas in opposite directions, the mechanism being provided by shipping companies, whose agents at the various ports pass on an umbrella for every top-hat received. If we substitute necklaces and armlets for the gear emblematic of our higher civilization, and, further, conceive the exchange to be accompanied by elaborate ceremonies, we shall obtain a very fair notion of this transcendental trading. Its primary object, it would seem, is to pass round the luck, very much as at table we pass round the port (only we do not at the same time, after the Pacific fashion, pass round the biscuits the other way). It must, indeed, be allowed that, as a matter of fact, a great deal of trafficking in goods of plain economic value is incidentally effected. But to the conscious mind of the Trobriander the sordid motive of commercial gain is hardly present. He acts on the principle that, if one attend to the spiritual, the material will look after itself.

It remains to touch on a point of nomenclature. Dr. Malinowski would use the term "magic" rather than "religion" to denote such a traditional system of securing the spiritual welfare of each and all. He has much to say about the methods whereby all sorts of activities are rendered lucky, and shows that these essential conditions are a formula, a rite, and a performer whose fitness depends on his ceremonial cleanness. A sacred formula, a sacred rite, and a sacred man—these conditions are no less essential to religion. Again Dr. Malinowski handsomely allows that his so-called magic relates to a "different sort of reality" which he is prepared to call "supernatural" or "supernormal." In other words, it brings good luck "independently of the effects of human work and natural conditions." Psychologically, then, it is something quite other than "the bastard sister of the sciences," as Sir James Frazer in his Preface declares it to be. The sciences relate to the natural and normal. A different attitude of mind is involved in the effort to cope with the X-region of experience, the realm not of law but of miracle. Of course if we contemplate the lowly Trobriander from the heights of our superior wisdom, we can see that he is trusting in some degree to his own efforts when he tries to make miracles happen for his benefit. But even the higher religions admit that to ask is a condition of being

answered. From the anthropological standpoint, whence we regard the transaction between man and the unseen powers from the human end, without dogmatising as to the reality of the powers supposed to be there, we most recognise a strict historical continuity between the Trobrianders seeking after good-luck and the Christians seeking after grace. It is for the theologian, not for the student of human history as such, to decide whether one method is more fruitful of results than the other. Meanwhile it would be consistent with the liberal spirit of modern theology to believe the principle that he who seeks shall find to be valid for the human being at every stage of his development.

In these drab days it must be exhilarating to be taken—as anthropologists, we have no right to say mistaken—for a goddess. Mrs. McGovern appears to have enjoyed this experience among the head-hunters of Formosa, a picturesque and on the whole pleasing race whose weakness for collecting somatological material is tempered by a fine sense of the innate superiority of woman. Mrs. McGovern tells her story with a great deal of spirit, and evidently has a fund of solid information at the back of what she describes in popular vein. It is important that every scrap of evidence relating to these interesting tribes—outliers, as one might judge from their customs, of a cultural group widely spread throughout the Indonesian region—should be garnered while there is time ; for their Japanese overlords are busy civilising them with such beneficent results as all must appreciate except possibly a few anthropologists and the natives themselves.

Mr. White has lighted on a peculiar people of whom nothing definite was known before. Indeed, the Mawken thoroughly deserve the name of sea-gypsies, so furtive and haphazard is their life among the swamps and mud-banks of the Mergui Archipelago on the southern border of Burma. “Mawken” is said to mean “the sea-drowned,” and the word fairly expresses their present condition, that of a submerged population driven to the very verge of the habitable land. Mr. White, a clergyman, made heroic efforts to get into touch with them, and his account, incomplete, as it could hardly fail to be, none the less brings out the fact of their essential humanity and consequent claim on our compassion. It may be very hard in practice for the British Government to care for these waifs, and doubtless little return is to be expected. Even so, it is a matter of national honour that we should protect them from certain evils that could be prevented—Chinese exploitation, for instance, involving a starvation wage, paid mostly in opium—which, according to Mr. White, are threatening them with extinction.

R. R. MARETT

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

- THE DECAY OF CAPITALIST CIVILISATION. By SIDNEY AND BEATRICE WEBB. Fabian Society and Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.
- PSYCHOLOGY AND POLITICS. By W. H. R. RIVERS, M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (with a Prefatory Note by G. Elliot Smith, F.R.S., and an Appreciation by C. S. Myers, F.R.S.). Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.
- HAIL, COLUMBIA! By W. L. GEORGE. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d.
- PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC FINANCE. By HUGH DALTON, M.A., D.Sc. (Econ.), Cassel Reader in Commerce in the University of London. Routledge. 5s.
- MONETARY RECONSTRUCTION. By R. G. HAWTREY. Longmans. 9s.
- THE REFORMATION OF WAR. By Col. J. F. C. FULLER, D.S.O. Hutchinson. 16s.
- WAR: ITS NATURE, CAUSE AND CURE. By G. LOWES DICKINSON. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.
- THE WORKER AND THE STATE (WAGES, HOURS, SAFETY AND HEALTH). By FRANK TILLYARD, M.A., Professor of Commercial Law at the University of Birmingham. Routledge. 10s. 6d.
- THE MAKING OF RURAL EUROPE. By HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE, M.A. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THERE are many doctors round the sick-bed of the "capitalist system." None of them has been more assiduous than Mr. and Mrs. Webb in prescribing for the malady, and none, I suppose, has persuaded the patient at least to taste so many bottles of collectivist medicine in the past thirty years. But the case has got worse, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb have thought well to do what they have never done before—to publish to the world a thorough diagnosis. It is not, indeed, a new diagnosis; what is new is the lucidity, the conciseness and the trenchancy with which it is set out. The Socialist, say the Webbs, finds four distinct evils inherent in the capitalist organisation of society. The first three are the poverty of the poor, a gross inequality of incomes, a cruel disparity in personal freedom. The fourth is that, "whilst the capitalist system achieved an initial success in increasing the wealth of the nation, it has been eventually found to fail even in maximising the production of commodities and services, and thus not only to defeat its own professed object, but also, by its exclusive reliance on the motive of pecuniary gain to individual owners, to be inimical to national morality and international peace—in fact, to civilisation itself." All these evils are skilfully traced out in the light of development of our own and other European countries, of America and Australasia. Here and there the reader may find the argument rather forced—unnecessarily forced, it seems; there is surely not much gained, for example, by the attempt to show that "bad manners" are produced by capitalism. Good manners, as Swift observed, "is the art of putting those people at their ease with whom we converse," and in that sense, good manners or bad manners have very little to do with the political organisation of the State. If more than this is meant, the question is a graver one, and it only obscures its gravity to treat it under an æsthetic instead of an ethical category. This, however, is but a trifle; the indictment as a whole is one which will not merely tickle Socialist ears, but which must dismay every

intelligent non-Socialist. Nobody, at least, whatever his views on poverty or inequality or liberty, can pretend that the capitalist system is "delivering the goods" to-day, as it did of old, and as it clearly must find a way of doing again if it is not to collapse. Artificial shortages and gluts, sabotage and strikes, adulteration and inefficiency, the waste of competition and the tyranny of trusts—all this we have seen before, but we now see it intensified a hundred-fold, and, what is more, we see it confronted by a growing popular power, which is struggling fiercely for an alternative. Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not here discuss the alternative that they favour. But there is no secret about it; it is the plan they propounded a year or two ago in *A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain*. There they sit, like "Old Bill," modestly, but confidently, remarking, "If you know of a better 'ole, go to it!" Some of us may not care for their choice; but most of us will agree that we do want some hole.

There are, of course, a great many people who regard it as useless to look for any escape from the fundamental basis of capitalism, even if they do not like that basis. But is it true that the basis not only of the civilisation we know, but "of all possible civilisation, is private property in a sense in which it is so bound up with human nature, that, whilst men remain men, it is no more capable of decay or suppression than the rotation of the earth on its axis"? On this point another doctor has something pertinent to say. *Psychology and Politics* is no more than half-a-dozen lectures by the late W. H. R. Rivers, but, slight as the book looks, it shows clearly enough the quality of the man. He was in the front rank of psychologists and of ethnologists (there is an admirable chapter here, by the way, on the "Aims of Ethnology"), and he was beginning, when an untimely death cut him off, to apply his keen mind to practical politics. The first three chapters, which give this volume its title, were addresses delivered last year when Rivers came forward as Parliamentary Labour candidate for the University of London, and they are, as Professor Elliot Smith says, "surely the most remarkable form of appeal to Parliamentary electors in the history of politics." They lisp no shibboleths, they contain no pronouncements on the "questions of the day." They are, in effect, an elaboration of Rivers's belief that "political problems do not differ from those of any other aspect of social life in being incapable of solution by scientific methods." One or two of his theories may provoke dissent; many of us will refuse to follow him, for instance, when he argues not merely for the usefulness of the analogy between a human society and the living organism, but that the analogy is "something more than an analogy." But this *idolon theatri* does not affect his argument on the supposed incompatibility of Socialism and human nature. He deals cautiously with the "acquisition instinct" and the "herd instinct," but his conclusion is pretty plain—there is no such incompatibility. The psychologist's remedy for our sick civilisation, though it may be administered with infinite delicacy, will, it seems, be the same drastic purge that the politicians prescribe.

Mr. W. L. George may perhaps ask what he is doing in this galley labelled "Politics and Economics." *Hail, Columbia!* is not a propagandist book, and it is not specially concerned with political or economic questions in the narrow sense. Certainly, on the face of it, it has little to do with the sickness of capitalism. On the contrary, it depicts capitalist civilisation as very much alive and kicking. It is the fruit of ten months' stay in the United States, where Mr. George, like Odysseus, "saw the cities of many men and learned their minds." He does not claim a perfect understanding of the Americans, but he gives us his impressions for what they are worth—and they are, on the whole, worth a good deal. Whether they are of skyscrapers or

negroes, meat factories or farmers or women, they are generally fresh and stimulating and amusingly set out. Some of them are very likely mistaken, and they issue often enough in generalisations with which a host of readers on either side of the Atlantic will quarrel. The dominant impression is the hard, bright, hustling, boosting, "mechanical" civilisation of America, and so *Hail Columbia!* is not, after all, quite out of place in our galley. Mr. George admires this civilisation; but he cannot conceal some of its darker aspects. He sees the poor American with an infinitely better chance than the poor European of becoming rich, but he sees millions going down in the ferocious struggle for wealth—and the women often suffering even when their men are successful. He sees the persecution of "radical" ideals. He sees the stupendous waste of natural resources—as, the Webbs remind us, President Roosevelt and other distinguished Americans have seen it—and the turning of hard-got gains to futile vulgar display. He sees, in a word, the tragic as well as the comic side of the civilisation of George F. Babbitt. There is, indeed, a heavy price to be paid for American civilisation. Meantime, there is, of course, no reason why Mr. George should not enjoy its diversions, and there is no reason why we should not enjoy his book.

Two of the authors in my list, the one a philosopher, and the other a soldier, deal with the most formidable of the ills which afflict our body politic—war. Mr. Lowes Dickinson's book has the excellence of style and the sincerity that mark all his writings, but it contains nothing new—at least for those who have thought at all about the subject. The nature of war, he shows, is horrible. Its causes are the lust for power or trade or territory in the rulers and the ignorance and gullibility of the masses. The cure is a league of nations deliberately accepting the principle of the limitation of absolute national sovereignty. In effect, Mr. Lowes Dickinson is making the familiar appeal to reason, in mingled hope and doubt, for he knows the difficulties. Primitive instincts are strong, and man, as Montaigne said, "is a marvellous vain, fickle and unstable subject." Col. Fuller is not moved by this sort of appeal. "To anathematise war," in his opinion, "is to gibber like a fool, and to declare it to be unreasonable is to twaddle like a pedant." War is inevitable, and war, properly understood, is good. Its present evils are patent, but they can be cured. Col. Fuller's medicine is homœopathic; we are to have more war with newer methods and higher principles. Gas is to be the main weapon of the future, but a gas that only incapacitates temporarily, not one that tortures and kills; for Col. Fuller insists that the object is not to destroy, but to impose your will on your enemy, and war can and should be humanised. Fighting is not to be conducted by infantry and cavalry and battleships—only the stupid "traditionalists," who unfortunately control our armies and navies, believe in these—but by tanks and submarines and aeroplanes. And so a first-class war, as Col. Fuller sees it, might be over in a few days—or a few hours—with very trifling casualties and highly beneficial results not only to the victorious nation, but also, on his assumptions, to the whole human race! This ideal is perhaps less Utopian than Mr. Lowes Dickinson's; but alas! there are the traditionalists, and the next great war seems quite likely to be worse than the last. Col. Fuller's book, however, is important. Its ethical principles, which are propounded with vehemence, are very dubious, and it contains a good deal of unnecessary political rhodomontade, directed chiefly against Bolshevik "gorillas" and Socialist "dotards." But on the technical side it shows a soldier with imagination and a first-rate intellect.

It is a peculiarity of English economists, as Dr. Dalton remarks, that they seldom write general treatises dealing with the theory of public expenditure. Bastable's *Public Finance* is the only large systematic book on the subject published in modern

times in this country, and that is now out of date in many respects. Dr. Dalton's own volume is, therefore, of particular value. It is an exposure of many of the fallacies held by the man-in-the-street, the politician and the business man, and a clear and well reasoned statement of the sound principles. Some of these principles may perhaps be contested by veterans who, though they no longer serve the gods of the nineteenth century, are not prepared to agree that "we are all Socialists now." But there is little doubt that what he says on taxation and debts and expenditure is what the leaders of the rising democracy of to-day believe and what they will apply to-morrow. One important subject only lightly touched on by Dr. Dalton is the effects of taxation on employment and the use of public expenditure in preventing unemployment. He suggests summarily how (as was explained some years ago in the Minority report of the Poor Law Commission), the public authorities by a wise regulation of their enterprises and their spending might help to steady the demand for labour and diminish the waste of productive power which trade depressions involve. But such a policy, he concludes, cannot really do much to reduce unemployment, "the chief causes of which are connected with fluctuations in the value of money and in the yield of crops and with the failure of large sections of the business world to form reasonably correct estimates of future conditions or to learn from past experience of trade cycles." Mr. Hawtrey, in his challenging volume of essays, is not content to leave the question there. For himself, he regards the trade cycle as a purely monetary phenomenon. But even if it is not, even if we are to admit non-monetary explanations—periodical over-production and periodical over-confidence—the remedy is the same. It is the control of credit, the deliberate regulation of the volume of trade borrowing through the agency of the Central Bank, which may be either "itself a Government department or essentially subordinate to the Government," but in any case must control the currency on banking principles. This theory, which lies at the heart of the international currency code drawn up at the Genoa Conference and is now waiting to be put to the proof, is obviously of enormous interest to every industrial State. The reader who wants to understand it should not miss Mr. Hawtrey's final chapter.

Professor Tillyard's book explains and criticises in a fair and sympathetic spirit the part played by the State in protecting the industrial worker's standards—his wages, hours, health and safety. It can be cordially recommended to the student. Miss Douglas Irvine deals with a subject whose importance I called attention to in this column some time ago. The "Green Rising" is the dark horse of Europe. In urbanised, industrialised England the agriculturist is a person to whom, unhappily, little thought is given. But over a great part of the Continent the problem of peasant democracy is one that statesmen and reformers and revolutionists cannot trifle with. Miss Douglas Irvine offers us what is indispensable for a proper grasp of the problem—as Mr. Chesterton puts it, "a larger outlook and a longer perspective of the whole story."

C. M. LLOYD